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Rebellion Across the Potomac

THE Supreme Court decision against segregation of Negro schoolchildren was a landmark in American law and race relations. It gave new dignity to the Court; and it came as the climax to a decade of progress which had given the vote back to the Negro, abolished segregation in the armed forces and removed a hundred and one Jim Crow restrictions. Sensibly, the Court did not seek to coerce the South on education: realising how difficult it would be for some southern states to create an integrated school system, it did not even set a time-limit. It simply insisted that a start should be made, and that its ruling should neither be evaded nor defied.

This moderation has met with rebuff. Just across the Potomac from the Court building, the Commonwealth of Virginia is in open rebellion against the Court's decision. Protests and attempts at evasion had been expected from such extremist states as Georgia and Mississippi. But Virginia's defiance will come as an unwelcome surprise to many who thought that the most influential of the southern states was also one of the most liberal. Last Saturday, Governor Stanley accepted the report of a special commission on public education, described it as "excellent," and called a special session of the legislature to amend the state laws and constitution so that Virginia may perpetuate segregation. The plan is simple. First, the commission proposes that the state should pay the tuition fees of pupils in districts which abolish free public education: the Court cannot insist on integration of private schools. Secondly, in districts which decide to retain free public schools, the school boards will be permitted to segregate children on grounds that nominally take no account of race, yet will in fact make it certain that Negroes are confined to particular schools.

It is not yet clear how far Virginia is prepared to go, or how much support it can expect from other states in the South. The commission speaks only of resisting "by all proper means." Yet the challenge strikes directly at the authority of the Supreme Court, for the commission coolly assumes that it is a better judge of the U.S. constitution than the Court itself, "which has abandoned all legal precedent . . . and based its conclusions on the conflicting evidence of psychologists." In phrases which catch the echoes of 1861 it insists that the rights of the states "now exist by the Court's sufferance," and that the law of the land is "whatever the Court may determine it to be by the process of judicial legislation."

This was the logic that drove General Beauregard to fire on Fort Sumter and led finally to Lee's surrender at Appomattox. The South has never believed in simple majority rule or in the stern federalism of Lincoln. To protect its "peculiar institution"—once slavery, now segregation—it has always fallen back on the doctrine of states rights: the majority may rule, but it may not coerce the minority beyond some undefined point of endurance.

Can the Court ignore such contempt of its authority? The situation is unique, since no state has comparably flouted the Court since the Civil War. As a matter of practical politics, it seems unlikely that either the Court or the Commonwealth of Virginia will press matters to extremes. The attitude of the South has undergone a revolutionary change in the last decade, and the main force on which the Court must rely is public opinion, which in Virginia, as well as in the U.S. as a whole, is likely increasingly to rally to its side. The racialists no doubt hope that the Court will take action that will revive the old bitterness and intolerance. Indeed that may well be why this last-ditch stand has been organised by such men as Virginia's powerful, ultra-conservative and anti-Negro Senator Byrd. The end of segregation in the South will mean the end of political machines based on racial demagogy.

Comments on the Week's News

Footnote to Geneva

The failure of the Foreign Ministers' Conference to make progress on any of the three items on its agenda was not unexpected. But the hardening of tone—particularly on Mr. Molotov's part—came as a shock to most observers, and there have been alarmist comments about a return to the atmosphere of the cold war. Such interpretations of the Conference should not be taken too seriously. What the Heads of State did in July was to agree to renounce war as an instrument of policy; the famous "Spirit of Geneva" was distilled from the reality of the H-bomb; and at no point during the earlier conference was there any sign that either side intended to modify their positions on outstanding problems. At the time, this was somewhat obscured by the new-found and spectacular atmosphere of *bonhomie*. The second conference has now blown away the heady fumes in a gust of harsh realism. But the "Spirit of Geneva" still remains, because the H-bomb still exists; and the phrase "the cold war," in so far as it implies a possible transformation into a "hot war," is no longer appropriate and should not be revived. We are now entering, in fact, what may well be termed "the cold peace," an era in which the threat of war has receded, but in which the basic antagonisms and conflicts of policy remain unaltered. It is now clear that, although negotiations on German reunification and disarmament should not be abandoned, little progress can be expected on these topics in the near future. But diplomatic manœuvring is still possible in the U.N.—where the seven-year deadlock over admissions is now being resolved—and in the realm of East-West exchanges. On this point, indeed, Mr. Molotov's attitude is not easy to explain and impossible to justify. He seemed to contradict every hope of improved relations recently held out by the Kremlin. It seemed reasonable to believe that Moscow now thought it in its own interest to allow cultural exchange of many kinds, and perhaps even to substitute discriminate for indiscriminate jamming. It may be that in these matters Soviet practice may be slightly better than Molotov's word, and that individual organisations working on specific projects may still achieve some results.

Subsidies and Rents

The Labour Party is rightly opposing the Government's decision to reduce and then abolish the general housing subsidy; for the purpose of this change is to cut the volume of council house building for rent. Within five years, the Government hopes, local councils will be building only for overspill and slum clearance. But Labour is much less united in opposition to differential rents, which are an essential part of the Government's plans. About twelve per cent. of the local authorities now operate a differential rent scheme of one kind or another, and a good many of these schemes were introduced by Labour councils or supported by Labour minority groups. Labour councillors have accepted schemes of this kind in an effort to keep the housing account in balance and to help poorer tenants who could not afford the rents of new houses built at present building costs and interest rates. Where such schemes have been introduced by Tory councils, however, there is a definite social objective: rent must come before TV sets and motor cycles, and the burden of the poorer tenant must be shifted from the taxpayers and ratepayers to the better-off tenants. It is true that, in social theory, there is a good case for rents graded by income and if housing were socially owned and rents were standardised by size and condition of property, differential rents would be desirable and fair. Under present conditions, the drive towards economic rents, and—by drastic revision of the Rent Acts—towards a free market price for privately owned houses, is a deliberate effort to redistribute income away from the working-class. Labour therefore, should not get into a confused argument about differential rents; its real answer to the Government is a policy of socialised housing.

Generals and Trade Unions

The military men who overthrew Peron are not ready for a showdown with the movement that Peron built. They are, in any case, divided among themselves and without political allies. Acting President Lonardi was forced out last week; at no time was he more than a figurehead for General Leon Bengoa, the chief of police, and when Bengoa lost his post, Lonardi was also displaced. His successor is General Aramburu, a weak man who merely acts as spokesman for the faction dominated by Admiral Rojas, the real leader of the revolt against Peron. Such palace intrigues reveal the instability of the new regime. The regime cannot face elections for it has no party backing. The Peronists are against it; the Radicals are against it; and the new Christian-Labour Party is against it. This new party, formed by the trade union leader Cipriano Reyes, who was imprisoned in 1948 and released last month, is both genuinely religious and socialist, and it has already been condemned in a pastoral which denounced "Christian-socialism." Moreover, the regime cannot begin to dismantle the Peronist state without running serious risks. The only economic action it has taken has been the devaluation of the peso—which caused a sharp rise in prices and gave a windfall profit to the landed interests—and it has already lost much popularity by this one measure. Similarly, despite its desire for a concordat with the Vatican, it realises that the Peronist legislation on divorce and legitimacy cannot be revoked without rousing opinion against it.

Omen for the Democrats

On Tuesday, Adlai Stevenson officially unveiled himself as a candidate for the Democratic nomination. In the next few weeks he will be building up his staff, raising funds and deciding how his campaign will be run. And at the start of his year-long bid for the presidency, his party has seen good omens in the local elections held last week across the country. Though voting in these elections is always light, they do show a trend. In Indiana, normally Republican, the Democrats went into the elections with 30 mayors out of 104, and came out with a total of 73. Among the cities they won was Evansville, which usually votes for the winner in a presidential race. In Connecticut and Pennsylvania, the Democrats also made good gains, and the "reform liberals" of Philadelphia consolidated their control of the city, carrying some wards that have been Republican since 1932. Such gains will no doubt strengthen those Republicans who are wondering whether the President could be induced to run again to save the party from defeat, or whether at a pinch Chief Justice Warren could be drafted.

Atlantic Jet Race

After much hesitation, the Government has begun the rationalisation and contraction of its air construction programme. It is unfortunate, however, that the first effect of the contraction is the withdrawal of Government support from the Vickers V.1000. It is true that B.O.A.C. have long since lost interest in the civil version of this aircraft, and that it has experienced unforeseen constructional difficulties. Nevertheless, it remains the only airframe yet developed around the revolutionary Conway engine. These engines will continue to be produced, and will, in all probability, be sold to America for use in the Boeing 707 and Douglas DC-8 pure-jet airliners, but they cannot, at the moment, be accommodated in British aircraft. As a result, Britain has abandoned the race for the first non-stop jet Atlantic service. B.O.A.C. will, during the period 1960-5, run a one-stop jet service (Comet IV) and a non-stop turbo-prop service (Britannia), but the fastest Atlantic crossings will be provided exclusively by American companies. Even more serious, from a financial point of view, is the loss to the export trade.

Television Test Match

The controversy over the exclusive rights to televise Test Matches highlights the increasing difficulties which are facing commercial TV. The latest Neilson ratings indicate that 11 of the top 17 programmes are telecast by ITV, but despite jubilant announcements by ITV executives, it is believed they are disappointed by these results. Sports events are proving by far the biggest drawing items, and here the B.B.C. has a long lead, which it has substantially increased in recent weeks. Doubtless the P.M.G.'s intervention on behalf of the ITV in the Test Match dispute was prompted by the fear among commercial TV interests that independent sports authorities will always show a preference in favour of the B.B.C.—a fear which the vigorous rejoinder of the M.C.C. has amply confirmed. It is now becoming increasingly clear that ITV cannot survive, under the present regulations, without the constant support and intervention of the Government.

With two months' experience, reports on its commercial aspects are not encouraging. Although multiple-channel sets in the London area are now nearing the 500,000-mark, with an estimated audience of 1,750,000, the 2,000,000 viewer mark, which, according to original calculations, should have been passed by Christmas, will not now be reached before mid-February. Market testing organisations are still unable to provide accurate data on ITV's selling capacity and, although a number of firms have expressed their satisfaction with results, 12 advertisers have already withdrawn from Associated-Rediffusion, the London mid-week contractor. Total advertising revenue for both contractors in the five-week period ending October 13 was some £750,000—indicating an annual income in the region of £7 million—and up until December 31, A-R has sold 80 per cent. of peak-time and 65 per cent. of ordinary time. Bookings for the first three months of 1956 total £800,000. These results are not regarded as catastrophic, but they are below expectations and there is likely to be increasing pressure for the relaxation of the very stringent rules governing advertising programmes which Parliament insisted on laying down in the Act—without which, indeed, the Act would never have been passed.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Westminster

Pots, Pans and Rope

Where was the Housewives League? Where were the purple faces, the whipcord necks, the brandished slogans that used to menace Labour ministers on Finance Bill days? *Spurlos versunken.* Perhaps their latter-day successors had exhausted themselves at the Tory Women's Advisory Conference with proposals like the one to cut the cost of living by boiling potatoes before peeling.

At first sight, the Labour amendments, attacking the purchase tax on articles ranging from rabbit skins to dustbins, might have seemed haphazard. In fact, they had been carefully planned with the theme that the Chancellor was penalising the poor for their necessaries and minor indulgencies, while favouring the rich in their luxuries.

Elwyn Jones opened the debate with a speech on the fur trade which, as befitted an ex-president of the Cambridge Union, was elegant and persuasive and urbane. (It formed a nice contrast with the mutual sandbagging by two Labour members at question time who had described each other as Nosey Parker and Economic *Voyeur* respectively.) No one enjoyed Jones's speech more than Butler, himself an ex-president of the Cambridge Union. Behind the somewhat glazed air, he may well have felt himself wafted back to happier days when he had authority without responsibility and a gavel thrown in.

But he was soon roused from his reveries by the appearance of Eirene White, a slipper in each hand. To be addressed by a lady holding a slipper in her hand must always be a harrowing experience. But two . . .! The Chancellor wasn't equal to it. He gave in. He would, of course, look into the matter of slippers.

On the wider question of the rise in purchase tax, the Chancellor was more dogged, and the argument became prickly with each new amendment. It seems a long time since the Finance Bill produced long-drawn sittings into the early morning. Most members associate the committee stage with high summer and the first light of dawn on the Thames. But this autumn budget is grimmer, full of fog and coughs and squelching leaves—the budget of a Chancellor who in his public capacity hates newly married couples and young love, and is determined to give the working-classes some practical lessons in economics.

Gaitskell and team—Wilson, Greenwood, Albu, Jenkins, Legge-Bourke and their reserves—matched these new circumstances with the vigour and co-ordination of their attack. Greenwood's speech against purchase tax increase during the first day's debate profited from the support of Legge-Bourke, a High Tory of simple logic, who said, in effect, that if people have to pay more for the things they need, they'll ask for more wages to pay for them. And isn't that inflationary? The Chancellor seemed to regard this as even more revolutionary than Greenwood's red socks.

The debate on the Finance Bill was adjourned, together with Silverman's motion on hanging. How sensitive a body Parliament is! Merciless to the pretentious, it is generous, without malice, and addresses itself to its judgment of individual merit without memory of old conflicts.

So it was with Silverman. By defending unpopular and sometimes irritating causes, he has often shared in their odium. Nor has his skill as a parliamentarian always availed him in the face of the implacable coldness of colleagues who didn't want to be bothered.

But his single-minded sincerity on capital punishment, his persistence in the teeth of opprobium, and his pre-eminent ability as a thinker on his feet won for him on Tuesday an ovation which back-benchers rarely receive.

The leader of the ayes was the Tory Chief Whip.

Maurice Edelman

Paris

The Communist Sell-out

Our Paris Correspondent writes: The day the Senate, despite its dislike for Mendès-France, voted overwhelmingly in favour of the single-member constituency, it became clear that M. Faure had failed in his attempt to secure elections in December; and the vote of confidence he obtained last Saturday did nothing to change this fundamental fact. The disagreement between the Palais Bourbon and the Palais de Luxembourg will take some time to straighten out, and this Thursday was the last date at which elections could have been proclaimed for December (in France, the election campaign lasts a statutory four weeks, and electioneering is not possible during Christmas week). It now looks as if they cannot be held before February.

Yet the three weeks of debates and manœuvrings have not been without significance. They have thrown a harsh light on the political calculations of the parties, and particularly of the C.P. For over three years, the French Communists have been campaigning for a return to the Popular Front; as recently as September, at a meeting of the Central Committee, M. Thorez repeated his appeal to the other Left-wing parties to form local alliances with the C.P. Until this year, the campaign had been greeted with indifference and scepticism, but since the Geneva meeting in July it had been gaining ground. Although both Mendès-France and the Socialist leaders vigorously scouted any rumours that they were negotiating with the C.P., a number of alliances were made at a local level, particularly in the County Council elections earlier this year; and during the last six months the C.P., the Socialists and the *Mendèsistes* voted solidly together in the Assembly. Since neither the C.P. nor the other Left groups can hope to create a parliamentary majority except in alliance with each other, time seemed to be on the side of the Popular Front. The events of the last ten days have rudely shattered such illusions. With elaborate cynicism, M. Duclos has twice saved M. Faure and has made it clear that he considers a government of the Right a lesser evil than *Mendèsiste* "reformism." This seems to indicate that the C.P.'s noisy clamouring for a Popular Front was simply a manœuvre, and that its real aims in the near future are to obtain a number of purely theoretical objectives. For, even if the party increases its number of seats at the elections, it will, so long as it remains isolated, exercise no more influence on French politics than it does at the moment. In any case, the bargain the party struck with the wily M. Faure is an extremely risky venture. It now looks as though the P.R. voting system will be dropped in favour of the single-member constituency system or a compromise; but whatever is finally chosen it is a fair guess that the present Centre-Right majority in the Assembly will not adopt any system which will return 160 C.P. deputies.

NEXT WEEK

Christmas Books—I

Kingsley Martin on 'The Dead Sea Scrolls'; Negley Farson on 'Inside Africa'; C. H. Rolph on Peter Wildeblood's 'Against the Law'; other reviews by Peter Quennell, Jacquetta Hawkes, Graham Hough, Edmund Crispin, Asa Briggs, Francis Huxley, Richard Mayne, Bernard Gutteridge and others.

Khartoum

The Key to the Crisis

Our Correspondent in the Sudan writes: The most influential of the Khartoum daily papers, *El Ayam*, has said that the coalition of ex-opposition parties which overthrew the Azzhari government in Thursday's budget vote had nothing in common except "a wild emotion against the government." Sayed Mirghani Hamza was a founder member of the N.U.P. and former Minister of Education, Agriculture and Irrigation. With Sayed Khalafalla Khalid, then Minister of Defence, he soon moved away from the pro-Egyptian line on which the N.U.P. had won the election, and was therefore expelled from the party last December. He is now president of the Independence Republican Party which contributed four votes to the overthrow of Azzhari. Sayed Nur el Din, leader of the Unionists, also with four votes, was more recently expelled from the N.U.P. but for exactly the opposite reason. He remained faithful to the idea of the unity of the Nile Valley even after the majority of the N.U.P. had come to accept the fact that the Sudanese people wanted independence. The rest of the anti-government majority was made up of a Socialist Republican, 12 Southern Liberals and the Umma party itself. The most significant thing about last week's crisis was the attempt to bridge the gap between the two sects which have dominated the political life of this country. For the first time it now seems as though there is a measure of co-operation and agreement between the two Sayeds—Sayed Ali el Mirghani of the Khatmia and Sayed Abdel Rahman El Mahdi. It is clear that Sayed Ali must have given his blessing to the new coalition; and the fall of Azzhari was the inevitable result.

His spectacular return to power on Tuesday was due to a number of factors. The N.U.P. remains the strongest single party, and Azzhari is not the man to take defeat lying down. It had been expected that more members would have followed the lead of Sayed Ali and voted against Azzhari last Thursday, and he strengthened his credit inside his own party by responding to the appeal to join an all-party government. His return to power was not, therefore, unexpected, particularly since one of the Front Against Colonisation deputies, who abstained on Thursday, had refused to join the new government. On Tuesday, four Under-Secretaries changed sides, together with a Southern deputy, and the anti-Azzhari coalition collapsed. The crisis, therefore, has shown that there is, at present, no real alternative to Azzhari; but it has also made it clear that Governmental stability will not be achieved until the coalition can be widened.

The Middle East Chess Board

Sir Anthony Eden's offer to mediate in the Arab-Israeli dispute and to give a formal guarantee to both sides if "there could be accepted an arrangement between them about their boundaries" sounded all very fine at a Lord Mayor's banquet. In fact, it begs almost all the important questions. There is no possibility of an agreed arrangement over these boundaries; least of all on the basis of the 1947 U.N. resolutions, which, if enforced today, would mean virtually the end of Israel as a state. In these circumstances an offer of "mediation" is unreal. A settlement will in the end have to be imposed, either by the great powers working in concert or by the U.N. Now that Soviet policy, after years of ambivalence, seems to be committed—temporarily at least—firmly on the Arab side, the only sort of settlement which the western powers are capable of imposing by themselves is one which accepts the Arab case and is imposed by force on Israel. But such an act of policy would be unacceptable on both moral and practical grounds. The survival of Israel as an outpost of modern social organisation in the feudal world of Arabia must be a primary and continuing objective of western policy.

If, then, a settlement is to be imposed, it must be a compromise—and the responsibility must be shared by the Russians. The alternative would be in the end either to stand aside and watch the liquidation of Israel or to take the great risk—as if all else failed we should have to in any case—of giving Israel a military guarantee without the pre-condition of a general frontier settlement.

Doubtless the West can, for a time, continue to act unilaterally, at the cost of prolonging the present tension; but in the end they must come to terms. Nobody supposes that the Russians are going to surrender a diplomatic position of such strength without getting something worthwhile in return. How far then could one reasonably expect the western powers to go in the process of bargaining? In the first place, it is worth pausing to consider what are our real interests in the Middle East. British policy has been traditionally based on the following propositions:—

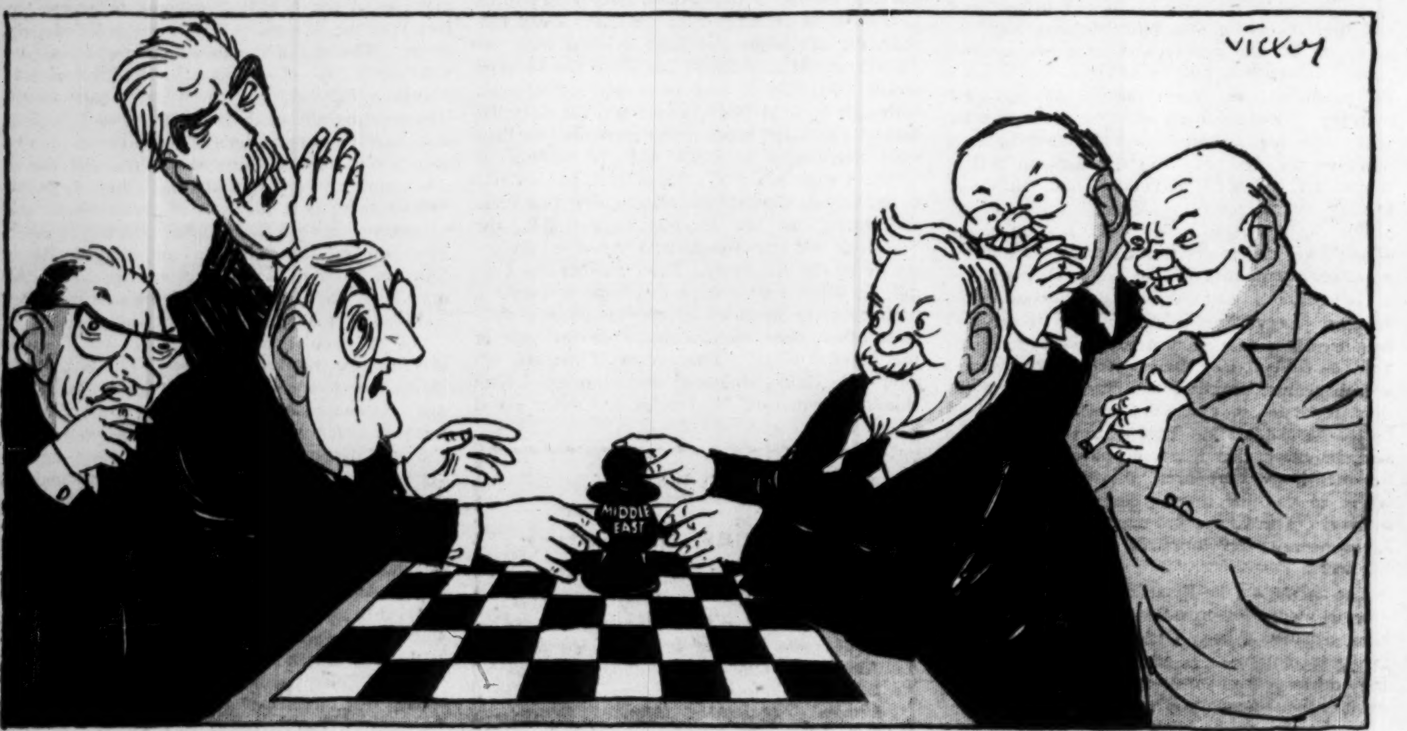
1. The necessity to hold the Middle East both as a military transit area and a nexus of imperial communications.
2. A basic strategic concept of the west European nations has been to deny Russia (Tsarist or Communist) naval access to the Mediterranean or the Indian Ocean.
3. Control of the Middle East oilfields has been accepted as of vital economic and commercial interest to Britain.
4. A more recent, and perhaps more ephemeral, consideration has been the cold war and the resulting western strategy of besetting the Soviet Union with air bases.

What real validity have these four considerations in the present circumstances? The first is certainly much less important today than it used to be. With the polarisation of military power between the United States and the Soviet Union, the strategic axis of the world now runs from east to west rather than from north to south. Even today, however, it remains vital to Britain that the Middle East should not fall under the domination of a hostile power; while the second and third of the considerations set out above can fairly be called vital.

It is the fourth, the strategy of cold war, which can seriously be called into question and which has led directly to the present imbroglio. The cold war brought the U.S. for the first time fully into the Arab world and transformed British imperial strategy into the policy of military containment. Thus the most important military base in the Middle East today is the U.S. air base in Saudi Arabia, whose admitted purpose is the strategic bombing of the U.S.S.R. This policy has inevitably stimulated a Soviet reaction. For, if it is accepted as a vital interest of Britain and the West that the Middle East should not fall under the military domination of the Soviet Union, is it not equally vital to the Soviet Union that these territories should not be dominated by U.S. jet bombers? And is not the "Geneva spirit" in effect a recognition that each side's vital interests should be recognised and accepted—if not in harmony, at least without conflict? The domination of the Middle East by U.S. bombers is not a vital western interest. It seemed to be a short cut to a position of strength during the cold war. In fact, as the Kremlin has effectively demonstrated in the last few months, the strength was illusory. For the result of the new Soviet links with Egypt, Syria and now, apparently, Saudi Arabia, is to undermine the security both of western bases and of western oil supply. The real interest of the West today is a security system in the Middle East which, by guaranteeing and neutralising the Arab states, will prevent either Russia or the West from using the area as a springboard for aggressive action against the other.

Thus our vital interests today may be summarised like this: (1) An effective system of security in the Middle East. (2) Easy and assured access to the oil—though this does not necessarily involve exclusive commercial exploitation. (3) The avoidance of strong Communist penetration of the area, even where it stops short of aggression and is executed by propaganda and political manœuvre. (4) It follows from this need to counter Communist propaganda that the West must direct its policy not, as in the past, towards the perpetuation of Arab feudalism and the exploitation of dynastic feuds, but towards the positive support of social reform parties in all the Arab countries. It is for that reason that the security and progress of Israel is a vital, if indirect, western interest.

Is it equally possible to make a sensible estimate of the main Soviet objectives in the Middle



"*But that's* OUR *pawn* . . ."

East? To a great extent, of course, they are the looking-glass image of our own. But it is reasonable to assume that some of them are regarded in the Kremlin as vital, others not. Thus the historic Russian drive towards the warm-water ports is not likely to provide the risk, or even the threat of war, in present circumstances: that is a political objective only. The same is true of the Soviet manœuvring to secure a footing in the oil-fields—though here Russia's desire to disrupt western oil supplies is fortified by her own need of additional sources. The interest, however, which the Kremlin must surely regard as vital is the dismantling of the western military organisation in the Middle East—the Baghdad Treaty and the air bases. This, of course, is nothing new: it has been a well-established objective of Soviet policy since before the "summit talks"; and no doubt the Soviet Union has no present intention of risking war even on this. But we may expect—indeed we have been experiencing—every sort of diplomatic hostility short of war itself. Thus this analysis suggests that an interest which is less than vital to the West is vital to the Soviet Union; and if the ending of the cold war implies the acceptance of the other fellow's vital interest, there seems room here for negotiation.

It is not suggested that, in return for Russia's agreement to endorse a settlement of the Arab-Israeli dispute, the West should promptly abandon its strategic positions. Any suggestion of such capitulation would make a settlement less likely and would ignore the fact that the Russians, too, have incentives to bargain. Their purpose surely is to manœuvre against the West by political intrigue, with the double objective of relieving military pressure on their own frontiers and establishing a permanent footing in the Arab world. That means negotiation. Moreover, it may be doubted whether the Russians are, in any case, anxious to carry their championship of the Arab cause to the point of alienating the sympathies of every Jew in the non-Communist world. The reasonable assumption is that Soviet diplomacy in the Middle East has been designed not to precipitate conflict but to compel negotiation; and that the Russians are well aware that a demand for the immediate dismantling of western bases, without the establishment of some compensating system of security, would be totally unreal.

Nevertheless any western request to the Russians to co-operate in an arms embargo towards Israel and her Arab neighbours will almost certainly be answered by a Soviet counter-proposal that the embargo should apply to all the Middle East countries, including the members of the Baghdad Pact. This demand would not be fundamentally unreasonable. Indeed a concerted four-power embargo on arms to the Middle East could lead in due course to a Middle East security pact, underwritten by the great powers, to which all the Arab countries could belong. This concept of the general security pact, which has proved so difficult to realise in Europe, might be negotiated a great deal more easily in the Middle East, where there is no iron curtain and where the legitimacy of governments is not, with the special exception of Israel, called in question. Any such deal between the western powers and the Soviet Union would certainly have to provide for a gradual withdrawal of the strategic bombers from the Persian Gulf and a guarantee of a quota of Middle East oil for Russia. Neither of these concessions, however, need be regarded as vitally damaging to the West: in the post-Geneva phase of "political and economic competition" between East and West, the bombers are already a source of weakness rather than strength; while such is the untapped potential of the Arab oilfields that an agreed quota to the Soviet Union need deprive the West of nothing that it needs.

On some such terms as these it should not be impossible for the great powers to work together to stabilise the Middle East and, in particular, to achieve a settlement of the Israeli frontier. It is fruitless now to speculate on the details of such a settlement: to be effective, it must enable each side to claim some advantage for its cause and compel each side to make some contribution to the restoration of peace. It must also include, whatever its territorial provisions, financial compensation to the Arab refugees and their resettlement outside the frontier areas.

In the present tension along the Egyptian frontier, compromises by either side seem remote. Yet the underlying trouble is the fact that the great powers, instead of working constructively for a settlement, have been seeking up to now to use the Middle East as a pawn in their game of *Realpolitik*. While this situation endures, the Arab states have remarkably little incentive to make peace or to stabilise a situation in which they hope to gain advantage from the manœuvring of the powers. Once the great powers, whether in or out of the Security Council, could establish a common purpose in the Middle East, they could offer the guarantees of security—including, if necessary, the establishment of U.N. patrols in the frontier areas—which at present their own divisions make impossible. The Arab vendetta against Israel would then cease to serve any useful or justifiable purpose even in Arab politics. This intransigent and long-standing problem of the Middle East is one to which the vital interests of both Russia and the West now demand a solution. It is, in fact, the hard test of the Geneva spirit.

. . . As By Law Established

(*By a Special Correspondent*)

OF the unique collection of legal fictions, anomalies, and working compromises which make up the rich, labyrinthine jungle of English constitutional practice, some of the most startling—and, it would seem, the most cynically dishonest—are to be found in the complex and obscure relations between Church and state.

This, no doubt, is why uneasiness about the Establishment has been felt in modern times, chiefly within the Church itself. Dr. Hensley Henson, the late, great Bishop of Durham, refusing in 1931 to give evidence before the Archbishops' Commission on the relations between Church and state, wrote: "The wide and widening discord between the Church and the nation makes Establishment . . . unreal, arbitrary and spiritually paralysing." The Commission itself, called some aspects of the situation "deeply insincere"—and the Prime Minister was misleading the House this week in suggesting that the Church officially is perfectly satisfied with the present position.

Last Sunday the Rural Dean of Hammersmith declared roundly from the pulpit of St. Paul's Cathedral that the Church must be set free from "the brakes and restraints of Establishment."

What exactly *is* Establishment? What does it involve, for Church and state?

Two points, often misunderstood, should be emphasised. "As by Law Established" does not mean that the Church was "set up" by a particular Act of Parliament. "Established" is *stabilita* (supported), not *condita*. The "Law" is a branch of the Common Law of England.

Secondly, it is a vulgar error that "it all began with Henry VIII." (Hence the irrelevance of many recent comments on a Church "founded on a royal divorce.") What is called the Church of England dates from the seventh century, when Archbishop Theodore organised the Roman and Celtic missions into one body. It was called the Church of England in the second Statute of Provisors, 1390; and its bishops have been appointed by the Crown since at least the thirteenth century.

Because the Crown now appoints only on ministerial advice, a situation has arisen in which the prelates of a Trinitarian church, which refuses to remarry the divorced, can be in effect appointed by a Unitarian Prime Minister (as in the case of Neville Chamberlain) or by one who, as in the present case, has divorced his wife and remarried. This anomaly has been much commented on in recent weeks; and it was one of the main complaints in last Sunday's sermon at St. Paul's. Few lay churchmen, however, and fewer non-churchmen realise fully how glaring it is.

When there is an episcopal vacancy, the Prime Minister puts up a name to the Queen (after careful private consultation with the Archbishop of Canterbury and others, including Sir Anthony Bevir or his successor as adviser on ecclesiastical patronage at Downing Street). Two documents are then sent to the Dean and Chapter of the cathedral of the vacant See. One is the *congé d'élire*, a licence under the Great Seal giving them leave to elect a new bishop. The other is a "letter missive," under the Sovereign's own hand, containing the name of the person to be elected—and warning them that, if he is not elected, they will "incur the penalties of *praemunire*" (which include loss of civil rights, forfeiture of goods, and imprisonment).

The Dean and Chapter then meet and solemnly pray that the guidance of the Holy Spirit may enable them to choose aright. Whether by this divine guidance or by some less supernatural impulse, they are invariably guided to choose the candidate nominated in the letter missive. As Dr. Johnson remarked, when it was said to him that a *congé d'élire* was only a strong recommendation rather than a command: "Sir, it is such a recommendation as if I should throw you out of a two-pair-of-stairs window and recommend you to fall to the ground."

Once, at least, an attempt was made to reject the Crown's nominee. The Dean of Hereford wrote to Lord John Russell, the Prime Minister, that he could not conscientiously vote for the Crown's nominee. Lord John replied: "I have had the honour to receive your letter of the 22nd inst., in which you intimate your intention of violating the law. I have the honour to be . . ."

Soon after this "election" has taken place, the nominee is consecrated a bishop. Again, if the Archbishop or other bishops refuse to consecrate, the penalties of *praemunire* may be invoked. Meanwhile, even before the "election"—and as though to stress its farcical nature—the name of the new bishop has already been published.

It is this whole procedure, rather than the mere accident that a particular Prime Minister may be unsuitable as an adviser on episcopal appointments (for that could be justified as an action taken in his official, not his private, capacity), that was described by so staunchly conservative a churchman as Sir Thomas Inskip (Lord Caldecote) as "almost an indecent sham."

He added, in fairness to the bishops, that he felt sure that they sincerely believed that the state had been "divinely guided in those appointments." This, more than any other aspect of the state nexus, seems to many church-people too heavy a price to pay for the privileges of Establishment—the status, the right to crown the Sovereign; the endowments, even.

The other anomaly seems almost as flagrant: the parliamentary veto on measures submitted by the Church Assembly. The most discussed example of the use of this veto was the rejection by the House of Commons, in 1927 and again in 1928, of the Revised Prayer-book that had been approved by large majorities in all three Houses of the Assembly. There is certainly no other Church in Christendom whose liturgy is settled in detail by a secular legislature.

Again, there was much talk of the indecency of such action by a body that no longer consisted mainly of anglicans; and at St. Paul's, last Sunday, the preacher referred to "an alignment of nonconformists and agnostics outvoting the churchmen in the House of Commons." This analysis is inaccurate: the essential factor in the defeat of the Revised Prayer-book was opposition to it also by extreme evangelical and extreme Anglo-Catholic churchmen—by the former because it seemed to them to tend towards Rome, by the latter because it seemed to them dangerously liberal in doctrine.

But if the Church has had some grievance against Parliament on this matter, so has Parliament against the Church; indeed, the history of the Revised Prayer-book since 1928 is even more astonishing than the actual incident of its rejection. The bishops, disappointed but undeterred by Parliament's action, decided simply to ignore it: blandly claiming "very high authority of an informal kind," they publicly authorised the clergy to deviate from the only lawful Prayer-book (that of 1662) within the limits of the 1928 book; and this book is now, in fact, widely used in cathedrals and churches throughout England—the most exquisitively hypocritical detail being the intimation, printed on the back of the title page, that the publication of the book must not be taken to imply that its use is legal.

It must not be supposed that there are no arguments against disestablishment. The main arguments advanced by the upholders of Establishment on principle is that a breach between Church and state in England "at this time" would be taken as evidence of national apostasy, profoundly shocking to the rest of Christendom. This is perhaps an exaggerated view: most of the rest of Christendom adheres to the Church of Rome, whose position in England would presumably be strengthened by a reduction in the prestige of the Church of England; and—though an exact comparison cannot be made between the Church of England and the Church in Wales (disestablished in 1920)—the recollection of "Chuck it, Smith!" may be a safeguard against insular conceit.

Other arguments are strictly pragmatical. It may be that genuine election instead of nomination of bishops would tend to throw up safe men, sound administrators, the men with the fewest enemies, never a genius: would a disestablished church have elevated a Temple or a Gore—or, for that matter, a Barnes or a Hewlett Johnson (both appointed by Ramsay MacDonald)? Again, disestablishment might strengthen undesirably the power of the bishops.

It may also be pointed out that, on several occasions in recent years, Parliament has been able to safeguard certain rights and liberties—those of politically active parsons, for instance—threatened by Church-bureaucratic reforms.

These arguments hardly seem to outweigh the scandals already examined—but two predictions may be made with some confidence: if the Church of England is disestablished, the operation will be performed with the utmost aplomb and unction, with fanfares from the B.B.C., and in accordance with some ingenious formula designed to preclude any suggestion that England has become a secular state; and disestablishment will not be accompanied by disendowment. Financial disendowment would be politically, the expropriation of cathedrals practically, impossible.

London Diary

The first meeting of the campaign against capital punishment filled the Central Hall, with a large overflow in Church House, and produced a huge collection of nearly £1,100. This does not mean that capital punishment is about to be abolished, but, taken in conjunction with Mr. Silverman's unexpected success in getting the House of Commons to admit an Abolition Bill under the ten minutes rule, it may reasonably be considered an encouraging sign of a swing in public opinion. The most impressive aspect of this meeting was that emotion played so small a part. Mr. Gerald Gardiner, Q.C., made one of the best speeches I ever heard in my life. Without a gesture, without ever raising his voice or drawing a deduction not precisely justified by the evidence, he held a large audience silent and persuaded for about an hour. At the end there was nothing more to say. The prisoner in the dock, which was capital punishment, was convicted of superstition, futility, and indeed, on evidence, of actually increasing and not decreasing the number of murders. I was glad to hear from the chairman that similar meetings are to be held in many parts of the country; the job is to turn vague humanitarian feelings into the kind of campaign which alone will defeat the Home Office. Major Lloyd George is now turning down even the ridiculously moderate recommendations of the Gowers Committee, which was not allowed to urge abolition, even though its examination of foreign practice showed that there are other, effective, ways of dealing with murderers. I am hoping in the next few weeks this journal will publish first-hand evidence of the substitutes for capital punishment now successfully in force in less backward countries than this.

* * *

My spies tell me that there was quite a shemozzle at the meeting of the Parliamentary Labour Party which discussed what is known as the Fourteen-day Rule. (I don't know why people omit the other also offensive half of the Postmaster-General's fiat—that M.P.s may not broadcast on any subject of legislation during the whole period between the introduction of a Bill and its receiving Royal Assent.) In the end the party sensibly decided to press for a Select Committee of the House. They may possibly succeed, because the prohibition is itself indefensible, and the Government may get tired of being almost daily ridiculed on this account both by the B.B.C. and the ITA. Labour has a particular reason for fighting this ban. As one M.P. put it to me, "Broadcasting is the one mass medium in Britain in which Labour can be equal with the Tories." The cumulative effect over the years of the B.B.C. news bulletin has been the greatest single factor in raising public standards of criticism. The Tory Party cannot now stampede the electorate as it did with the Red Letter of 1924 or the Post Office savings scare of 1931. The failure of Churchill's Gestapo rubbish in 1945 pushed that lesson home. More recent experience suggests that steady and frank wireless discussion could provide a future Labour Government with an effective defence against the type of newspaper exploitation of petty grievances that did so much to influence the electors between 1945 and 1950.

* * *

No one who has heard the sordid cases that occupy the time of an English police court will make light of the evils of drink. Indeed, anyone who has ever worked in Fleet Street can provide examples of the tragedies for which it is responsible. But to the two very sincere correspondents who wrote complaining that this journal prints a wine supplement I have three remarks to make. The first is that if one could really persuade people to switch from hard liquor to discriminating wine drinking, one would be doing an immense service. The second answer is that, if drink is far less an evil today than it was even a generation ago, that is due not to efforts to suppress it or preach it out of existence, but to the cinema, to better housing, better education and, generally speaking, more civilisation. Thirdly, prohibition appears to me worse than the disease. I am not here endorsing the argument that it is "better for England to be free than sober"; if it were wise to do so, alcohol could be forbidden or regulated on the analogy of other quicker poisons. But the effects of attempting prohibition are, as far as I have been able to observe them, always bad. I made many inquiries on this subject when I was recently in India, where, I am sorry to see, some people are now talking hopefully of making prohibition universal within the next two years. It may be thought that prohibition, disastrous in America, has a better chance in India, where there is a strong religious tradition of asceticism. But even in India the prohibition states are already threatened with the evils of lawlessness which disgraced the United States in the twenties. Even so brilliant and sincere a man as Rajagopalachari seemed to me dangerously simple-minded about this. When I talked with him on the subject in Madras he seemed satisfied that prohibition decreased the consumption of alcohol and, to under-estimate, no less than Mr. Desai in Bombay, the evils of lawlessness resulting from prohibition. They may be worse than the disease that prohibition tries to cure.

* * *

Two of America's finest citizens—Robert Sherwood and Bernard De Voto—died this week. As people, they were quite different. Sherwood, the playwright, was dignified, courteous, the model of a successful lawyer or diplomat: De Voto, the pamphleteer and historian, was a crusty man, who might have been a Baptist preacher from the Middle West. But it was the similarities, not the superficial differences between them that are important. Both fought hard for good causes—Sherwood for defying Hitler and aiding Britain before Pearl Harbour, De Voto to stop power, mineral and timber companies plundering the American West, and to limit the right of the F.B.I. or anyone else to control his or anyone else's thoughts or privacy. Both of them were ghost writers of distinction, Sherwood for Roosevelt and De Voto for Adlai Stevenson. Both of them, in fact, were hardworking and courageous liberals who were always willing to stand up and be counted. I liked Sherwood's plays, and I admired De Voto's books about the pioneering of the West. But what I shall miss most are the savage and beautifully written comments that De Voto wrote each month in *Harper's* magazine. Anyone who believes that American liberalism is effete and purposeless should go back and read over the articles De Voto had written in the last years of his life.

* * *

I can think of few more effective ways of arousing children's interest in world affairs than the Unicef Greeting Card Scheme. Top marks for initiative and enthusiasm must go to the Ilford County High School for Boys, which sold 10,000 cards last year and has already nearly reached its target of 15,000 for this year. The idea is catching on in schools all over the country. The cards themselves (five designs in boxes of ten for 7s. 6d. from Unicef, 14 Stratford Place, London, W.1) are charmingly designed by Edy Legrand, a French painter who lives in Morocco, where three caravan routes meet. His only calm, he says, is "inner calm"; the camels are noisy, the donkeys never cease from braying and he has a cat, two dogs and two sheep living in his mud-walled house. His five illustrations for Christmas cards capture the moment of excitement of children at the end of term—children "breaking up for the holidays," in the Arctic Circle, in the Far East, in North Africa, and in the two Americas. The poster used to advertise these cards in this country is a beautiful drawing by Charles Mozley, appealing and dignified. "Buy ten cards," the poster says, and reminds us that this "will provide 50 children with milk for one week or protect 50 children from tuberculosis." Anyone can work out what can be achieved if the Committee reaches its target of 1,000,000 cards this winter.

* * *

J. B. Priestley, who harps much on the psychological effects of the "strain of modern life," found a charming new story to illustrate his point at the Central Hall the other day. Adroitly avoiding the familiar comparison between the psychotic who is delighted that two and two make five and the neurotic who knows that they make four but is very worried about it, he substituted a neat story from New York. He had heard of a man who complained of the difficult problem created by the fact that his sister believed she was a hen. But, he was asked, if she had suffered in this way all summer, hadn't they been able to cure her? "Ah," said the man, with a knowing smile, "But we needed the eggs."

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Mr. H. Brooke, Financial Secretary to the Treasury, stated in a parliamentary written reply yesterday that the Board of Inland Revenue was prepared, in appropriate circumstances, to consider the possibility of an ex-gratia payment to tax collectors injured by assault in the course of their duties.—*Manchester Guardian*. (F. Hurst.)

Out of sheer necessity Lord and Lady Scarsdale eat all their meals off silver plate.

"The Scarsdales have used the silver since 1760 and it would cost so much nowadays to replace it with china," says Lady Scarsdale.—*Sunday Express*. (K. Cox.)

A 74-year-old husband who was accused at West London of attacking his 78-year-old wife with an axe was alleged to have told the police: "I have had the idea that she has been associating with other men and it worried me."—*News of the World*. (J. Heim.)

In order to attract more worshippers to his church, the Vicar of Holy Trinity, Mile End, the Rev. A. H. Apps, is saying a prayer for every street in his parish.

When there is a small street, it shares a prayer with another street.—*The Star*. (K. Gray.)

The Passionate Shepherds to Their Cruel Mistress

Where late we sported in the shade
Now silent is the lute;
We did not weep that blossoms fade,
But looked to see the fruit.
The Summit of our Summer bliss
Is now forlorn and bleak:
Coyly you offered us a kiss,
But not the other cheek.

A bonny babe we brought to you,
On which you never smiled,
Though one of us, if not a few,
Fathered this precious child;
But you thereon would only spit
And we could only groan
When you produced, instead of it,
An infant of your own.

When Jove played Beauty and the Beast
He made Europa yield;
To you, Aurora, and the East
Greater than Jove have kneeled.
Danaë loved a shower of gold—
A feat within our power;
We should not find you, Dear, so cold
Loved we not Adenauer.

Curtains do not bad neighbours make,
Nor iron ones a cage;
Yet you removed them for our sake
And left your hermitage.
Then spare us, Sweet, these wild alarms
And show your Summer face,
Keeping in Czech those loving arms,
Except to our embrace.

REGINALD REYNOLDS

Virgin Births

(Dr. Helen Spurway, the author of this article, is a lecturer in the Department of Biometry at London University. She has recently announced the results of new research into the possibilities of virgin birth and concludes that this is both possible and—where it occurs—provable among humans.)

IT is part of the Christian creeds that Jesus was born of a virgin, and similar statements are made about comparable people in other cultures. But why should present-day rationalists assume that these claims are untrue? Why should we be so sure that the association of virgin birth with deification reveals something about how human being associate ideas or images? Why should it not be an objective fact about human reproduction?

The Greeks supported belief in occasional parthenogeneses in human beings by pointing out how widespread among animals was this method of conception. We have not always confirmed its occurrence among their examples; but we have a much more impressive list of our own, including the wheel-animalculae and water fleas which delighted the 19th century microscopists, and the greenflies and flukes which we regard as enemies. But to combine the consideration of these animals with that of comparative religion seems a tasteless blasphemy. Chesterton pointed out that there was no blasphemy without belief, and appeals to taste are like icebergs—they have a dangerous but inconspicuous part.

The spermatozoa of most animal species are of the order of one hundredth of an inch in length and have shapes like streamlined tadpoles. Not until 1854 was a sperm seen entering an egg. Only in 1875 did Hertwig answer what had seemed a perennial question: "What is the relationship of a father to his child?" by establishing that the sperm and egg each contribute a similar nucleus, and these two nuclei then fuse and redivide. In most animals the sperm has been found to have two functions. It stimulates the egg to throw out material (mainly, but not exclusively, what we call chromosomes) which the sperm itself replaces, and it stimulates the egg to begin the divisions which we call embryological development. This has become common knowledge. We think of paternity as a continuity of material; and genetics, which is the study of this material, is respected if only for being specialised and for arousing violent passions.

Nothing is so difficult to interpret as an archaic mistaken non-operational discussion, but it seems that our great-grandfathers imagined that paternity was something like a baker making a loaf of bread. First, but for the baker (or father), there would be no loaf (or child); secondly, the loaf is in detailed organisation entirely controlled by the baker. After this the simile can be used to describe the opinions of two opposing schools. One said that the father leaves no material part of himself in the child, as the baker leaves no part of himself in the loaf. The other school considered that the mother merely represented the oven—she was a transitory and not very specific environment; and the specific material of the loaf, not only the organisation of it, was contributed by the father. This second form of the simile is still in use today.

While such ideas were arguable hypotheses, what is a virgin birth? It is the baker who opens his oven and finds a loaf there; he does not doubt that it is his own, he accepts it as a gift with gratitude. This attitude of the social father is implicit in our scriptures, and explicit in Hindu literature.

Hindus justifiably boast of the variation and the temporal continuity of their culture. No practice or prohibition, no opinion or dogma, has ever been universal among all people who regarded themselves as Hindus. No practice or opinion is so archaic that it cannot be used to support individual liberty or social change. It is at least written that a Hindu may ask another man to beget a son on his wife. (In poetry the child is always a son.) This is an act of filial piety to the husband's ancestors who need male descendants to perform ceremonies for them. Its acceptance is a wifely duty. An intense sense of family continuity is combined with the complete absence of a belief in a material basis for this continuity. A father is a social relation.

Each of the five sons of Pandu (their mothers' husband) who were the heroes of the Mahabharata was begotten by a different god. A Hindu would find no inconsistency in the two pedigrees of Jesus given in the first chapter attributed to St. Matthew, no suggestion that this was a compilation inadequately unified before publication. Jesus was the son of David precisely because he was the son of the wife of a descendant of David conceived of the Holy Ghost It is a conventional compliment by a god to give a man, or a family, a son in this way.

Nevertheless we take for granted that the father-child relationship may be learnt, or may not be learnt, and whether it is or not depends entirely on social circumstances. Among other species of mammals in which males have a characteristic behaviour to the young, any male if put with a female who has a baby of the appropriate age will often act like a father.

Common words are seldom discussed and therefore change their meaning imperceptibly, but the alterations in the prohibited degrees of marriage during the last century reveal that our interpretation of familial relationships is changing. Considerations of artificial insemination make the contradictoriness of our attitudes even more explicit. That this is acceptable is reminiscent of Hinduism. Our knowledge of sperm physiology permits us practices based on the false assumption of its transitory triviality.

Parallel with these changes in interpretation of paternity are changes in our interpretation of the word virginity. To us this word describes a developmental history. To most human beings it refers to an anatomical structure (the hymen) assumed to be correlated with such a history. Our recent knowledge has removed the motive for men valuing virginity—material objects are efficient exorcisers of inexpressible fears. Therefore, this knowledge has removed the tension on women to lie about it, so we have lost interest in the material objective signs, and women's magazines imply that these do not exist. Also some miracles have become incomprehensible. That the houris of paradise are "ever-virgin" is to us a contradiction in terms.

To return to my dogmatic statements about the functions of sperm; the evidence for these has been obtained from a large series of experimental virgin births, made with many kinds of animals, including mammals. Many different stimuli will cause an egg to begin development retaining or reduplicating its own chromosomal material. The unspecific nature of these substitutes for sperm have left biologists rather surprised that spontaneous parthenogenesis is found so rarely.

In every major group of animals except the vertebrates, at least one local population, geographical race, species, or group of species, has been discovered that reproduces parthenogenetically, males being absent or functionless. A well-understood culture technique is necessary to discover the exceptional parthenogeneses which could be the evolutionary precursors of such populations. These have been reported, for example, in twenty-three species of those notorious laboratory favourites, the flies of the genus Drosophila; and at University College we have a little stock from virgin daughters of virgin mothers of the aquarium fish the guppy (*Lebistes reticulatus*), a species which usually has a copulation and bears its young well developed after a pregnancy.

In one of these virgin mother guppies sperm-producing tissue was found. Therefore, though our ancestors would have called her children products of parthenogenesis, contemporary biologists would describe her as a self-fertile *hermaphrodite*. The presence or absence of a fertilisation seems today more important than the presence or absence of a copulation, but the Greek words which we have adopted are quite inadequate to make clear our modern distinctions. Human hermaphrodites have never been self-fertile, and biologists can explain why.

Parthenogenesis might occur in human beings. It would be recognised by a woman who regarded her pregnancy as incompatible with her sexual history. Nor is there any reason why it should involve a subjective annunciation, or be precipitated by a shock. As women become emancipated in more societies some might brave the various suspicions that the protestation of such a pregnancy would at first provoke if they realised that they could be vindicated by a skin-grafting operation if the child were born alive. So far no piece of human skin transplanted between two different human beings has survived indefinitely, unless there was other evidence that they were monozygotic twins. The skin from a parthenogenetic child—or a child produced by self-fertilisation—would, however, be expected to survive when grafted on the mother, because the child could have obtained no antigens which the mother did not possess. The graft would introduce no alien substances into the mother which would produce immunity reactions in her. The skin of the mother might, or might not, take when transplanted on to the child, and—despite statements in the press—there is no reason why the child should strikingly resemble the mother. The child could have obtained no genetic material except from the mother, but it need not be a genetical duplicate of the mother.

I refuse even to guess about the frequency of this process, but its interest lies in the fact that it has been repeatedly claimed in the past, exclusively, or almost exclusively, for the conception of human males. The sex of most, but not all, animals seems determined by the *relative* amounts of different kinds of chromosomal materials. In any given species the germ cells of one sex are of two kinds, one determining one balance and one the other. This is a simplification, and a few organisers necessary for perfect development are also handed down exclusively from father to son, or alternatively from mother to daughter. In the guppies, Drosophilæ, and in human beings, it is the male who produces the two kinds of sex-determining cells. Therefore fatherless children, however produced, should all be daughters. Males could only be produced by a further disturbance, by an incomplete restitution of maternal chromosomes which approximated to the male-producing balance, and they could not have obtained any organisers peculiar to normal males. Therefore males would be expected to be rare and defective, and this expectation is fulfilled in the guppies and the Drosophilæ.

There are various ancient legends that one or other of the virgin-born human heroes were women or intersexual, but these have never been widely accepted. Even within one history the improbabilities of the sexual physiology are cumulative. In one at least of the Buddhist theologies the last incarnation before enlightenment is a virgin birth. Therefore it is surprising that Gautama, the Buddha, was a man; it is more surprising that he was a fertile man, and most surprising that his wife bore him a son. The Indian anthropologist, N. K. Bose, points out that our culture is incomprehensible unless Science is recognised as our religion. Therefore (to Bose, I hope touchingly rather than contemptibly) I believe in my own religion, and find it difficult to accept that the physiological processes that permitted Gautama to be fertile, would have altered the organisers, or perpetuated the defect, that caused him to develop as a male.

This claimed sex ratio may be one of the greatest indictments of the subjection of women. Virgin births may occur among human beings; enough of the males said to be produced by this process have commanded attention; but the virgin-born females, though expected to be perhaps ten, perhaps a hundred, times more frequent, have either been less remarkable or have been suppressed by society.

The above two considerations may perhaps be dismissed as 19th-century rationalist jokes—they are materialistic deductions from premises that were never thought of materialistically. They are almost puns on different interpretations of events, and they reveal the problem which understanding our ancestors and translating their literatures presents. It seems probable that our forefathers inferred an abnormal conception from the observation of an abnormal character. We, using a similar logic, but different premises, would infer abnormal genes, or abnormal education! Our ancestors would have agreed that an abnormal conception implied either no paternity or abnormal paternity; and a study of the exceptions they described for us may help us to imagine their interpretation of normal fatherhood, with all its social ramifications.

H. SPURWAY

Every Man His Own Jones

A Part Of Good Living . . . your telephone by your side. With telephone in living room, bedroom, kitchen and playroom, it isn't a question of keeping up with the Joneses. You are the Joneses!—Advertisement of the Bell Telephone System.

I WRITE from a boom town, from "Industry's Wonder City," as they call it in the local press. When I saw it twenty years ago it was still a largish country town in a traditionally and overwhelmingly agricultural state, its industries springing out of the cornfields surrounding it. Today, its population is 75,000, and fifty new families come into the town to settle each month. It was the war, of course, and the dispersal of industry from the East, that caused the change. Now, besides its long-established manufacture of breakfast foods, it is a centre of the electronics industry, exporting fifty million dollars worth of products annually to sixty-seven countries. Its exports have in fact doubled within the past five years. The city booms; wages are high; so high that although early this year the mayor's salary was boosted up to $10,000 in order to attract able candidates for office, they are still, it seems, not forthcoming.

Five months ago, the Russian farmers were here. I wonder what they made of it, this intensely respectable city where Sunday church going is almost obligatory, where a licence (price one dollar) is necessary in order to buy a bottle of whisky (to be consumed only in the privacy of one's home), and where the latest version of the American dream, every man his own Jones, seems well on the way to realisation. For that matter, what do I make of it myself?

The first sign of the city's existence, as one flies in at night from Chicago, is a searchlight sweeping the sky, dipping in a great arc to the earth at either side. The airport, of course. But no; the aeroplane ignores the peremptory summons, flies on and leaves it some miles beyond before touching down. The searchlight? The searchlight is a summons to buy, an advertising stunt on the part of a second-hand car dealer in the centre of the city; and it is difficult not to see it as somehow symbolic, the more so when one strolls through the city along First Avenue from the business section. Here, on the face of it, is a city devoted almost exclusively to the selling of used motor cars. The impression is inaccurate, but it has its particle of truth. It is a city, and in this no doubt like all other American cities, largely dedicated to persuading its citizens to buy more goods, to buy and buy and buy. You are the Joneses if you have four telephones: in a town where the first necessity in the layout of a new high school is a car park for the pupils, you are not the Joneses if you have only one motor.

The persuasion to buy is relentless. If one thinks first of all of the unremitting pressure from TV and radio it is because these make the most noise; I suspect that in fact adult Americans manage to develop a healthy degree of blindness and deafness towards broadcast ads. The real inducements are probably a good deal more humble, and the bait is laid in the advertisements in the newspapers. "Win an Oil Well!" shrieks a head-

"I pay people to know these things"

You may not have studied refractories. "Technical details?" you may say. "I pay people to know these things."
Well, it is true that refractories are technically complex: their selection is a specialist's job. It is also true that there are people who know all about them—only, they ask nothing for their advice.
Morgans are refractory specialists: their co-operation is worth having. They manufacture a range of the finest refractories ever made. They designed and they operate, the most up-to-date refractories plant in Europe. Their advice may be free, but it is completely authoritative.

You may never have seen a refractory, but refractories may be in your balance sheet, unseen. Refractories are the materials of which furnaces are built. A change in the refractories of a batch furnace can increase the output by 50%. You see?

MORGAN Refractories

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NE 89

line spread out across a page of advertising copy. And for what? For completing a two-line jingle beginning "I'm glad I use ——" (a brand of soap). If you don't want an oil well, which is admittedly a speculative proposition, you can take the prize in $25,000 cash instead.

No doubt this advertisement is scarcely typical: it appears in the magazine supplement of the *Chicago Sunday Tribune*, and the *Tribune*, as it itself admits, is the world's greatest newspaper. But the smaller papers will do just as well: in the advertisements of them all you see the American citizen visualised as an equivalent of the Strasburg goose that must somehow be crammed continuously with more and more consumers' goods. On the continent they have ingenious machines for cramming geese with grain: I do not know that they are more ingenious than the persuasions used here to keep the American buying.

The stores advertise, or seem to advertise, perpetual bargain sales. But this is merely the elementary basis of trade; the inducements have yet to come. One store advertises prizes for Saturday shoppers; another announces: "Bust a balloon at B——'s and get up to 50 per cent. discount":

> Friday and Saturday B——'s will be full of balloons filled with 10 per cent. to 50 per cent. discount tickets. You are guaranteed at least 10 per cent.! Choose your balloon, break it and get the amount of discount in your balloon on your purchase.

A furniture store promises a "completely furnished 3-room home for only $465." A bargain no doubt. But see the reward for putting down $465: "Our gift to You! With purchase of this home outfit . . . 20 per cent. off the appliances of your choice. But you have still to get to the store in order to put down your $465. Nothing easier. There's a panel in the bottom left-hand corner of the ad: "Free Taxi! If you live in . . . take a cab to K——'s. Your fare will be refunded on any purchase."

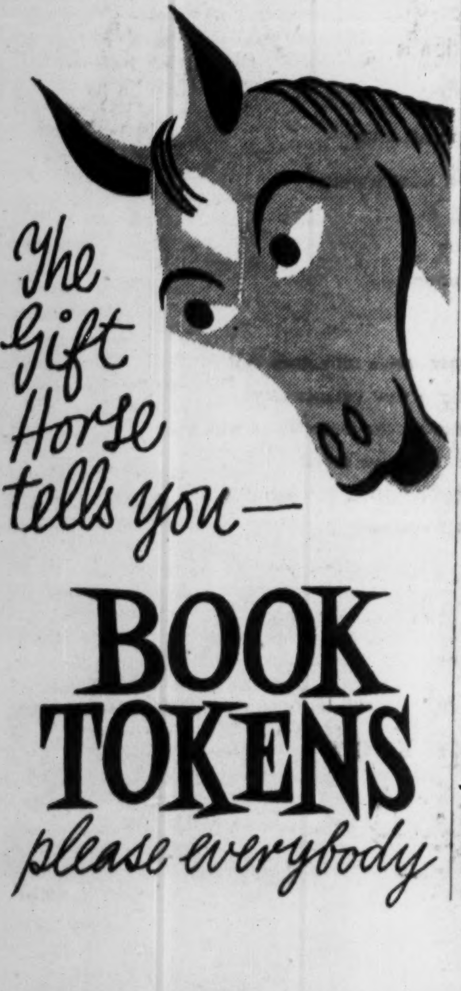
In fact, you needn't put down the $465 at all. "Exceptionally liberal terms" are offered. Some seem almost too good to be true. One clothing store advertises men's overcoats at $39.50: a dollar down, and you walk away with the coat.

Many distributors, from grocers to gas stations, give the customer discount on all sales in the form of coupons, which, when enough have been amassed—and enough, I gather, amounts to a very great many—may be exchanged for such articles as refrigerators and food freezers. Food freezers are the latest thing, essential to Jonesdom. Their advantages are obvious. They enable the housewife to buy meat, vegetables and fruit when they are at their best and cheapest and to store them against the future. The smallest models cost $279.50. And how do you pay it? It would be eccentric to pay cash down or write out a cheque for the sum. "No money down. Pay as little as 50 c. a day with our Meter Bank plan."

The freezer, however, is useless without food to freeze inside it. This is taken care of for you. With every freezer you buy you are given 130 lb. of meat free. I say "with every freezer you buy" advisedly, for it is plain that, from the producer's point of view, as soon as the freezer is full the thing is useless. The corollary seems self-evident: before long, if you want to be the Joneses, you will have to have not one freezer but two and three and four, in the living room, bedroom, kitchen and playroom, and crammed to capacity.

No economist, I find myself puzzled by questions which no doubt are naive. What happens when the granaries burst, when there is no more space in the house for domestic stockpiling, when one has all the motors, the food, the furniture and the clothes necessary to be the Joneses and the wretched stuff refuses to wear out or to be consumed fast enough? These are questions that bother some Americans. I noticed that one of the syndicated newspaper wizards has recently written: "If you continue spending and borrowing as freely as you have been to buy everything from hatpins to houses, the boom will go on. . . But if you pull back—even slightly—the whole structure will tremble and the bloom will be off the boom overnight." I don't know that it quite answers my economically illiterate question, but it does suggest that to be a consumer in America is to bear an awful responsibility. I admit I would still like to know what the Russians thought when they visited this bourgeois paradise; or, for the matter of that, our own dear Mr. Butler.

WILLIAM SALTER



Two Cheers for the New Byzantium

From the Ministry of Diversion of Aggressive Impulses to the President of the Telecouncil:

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

THE Minister has carefully considered the Council's case for the abolition of the death penalty in cases of publication of statements and images relating to the Sacred and Imperial Family, other than statements and images released by the Sacred and Imperial Press Office.

The Minister cannot agree that this penalty constitutes any infringement of the venerable principle of the liberty of the press. The press, including the telepress, remains absolutely free, but the Minister does not understand your Council's claim for its members an immunity, not enjoyed by other subjects, in the commission of crime. It has been established by judicial decisions that unlicensed publication in this Sacred Sphere is tantamount to Criticism of the Sacred and Imperial Family. As you know, throughout all our history, with the exception of a relatively brief period of three centuries, criticism of this peculiarly detestable kind—once known as *lèse majesté*—has been punished by death. As your Council is also well aware, the time during which such criticism was tolerated—a period stretching roughly from the Execrable and Unspeakable Event of 1649 to the burning of Lambeth and the Balmoral explosions of the early 1960s—was the most tumultuous and sanguinary in our history and has left us no cultural monuments of any significance. The Minister cannot believe that the Council wishes England to return to this remote and barbarous era. Should such be the Council's intent, however, the Minister's duty is to resist it with every sanction in his power.

I am further to point out that, since the Impeccability of the Sacred and Imperial Family has not only been proclaimed by Convocation but has been established as a scientific fact by the Royal Institute of Porphyrogenetics, it follows that such action as certain members of the Council apparently contemplate falls within the scope not only of the Blasphemy and Republicanism Act, but also of the Pure Science Act (*Mar. Cap ii, 1 and 6*). The papers have therefore been referred to the Court of Arches and to the Royal Society for possible action.

The contentions of a general order urged in your memorandum are by no means new to the Minister. Indeed the psycho-social problems arising from the Half-Hour Day and Enforced Universal Peace led directly to the establishment of this Ministry—a fact which your Council seems to have forgotten. It is a well-known truth that repressed aggressive impulses are the main problem of every modern polity, but this constitutes no sort of argument in favour of the measure urged by your Council. That measure indeed implies a return to the Twentieth century, with its crude experiments in mass transferences and projections towards members of the Sacred and Imperial Family itself. The shattering of the social order, caused by the excesses of an irresponsible press, was only brought to an end by the Glorious Restoration of 1970, ushering in the peaceful and prudent reign of St. Margaret.

It should not be necessary to recapitulate to your Council the principal measures of psychic canalization by which this Ministry endeavours, with not inconsiderable success, to maintain the Queen's Peace. It may however be well to set them out briefly in order to indicate the framework within which your Council may make legitimate and constructive suggestions. The main categories are:

(*a*) *Religious sphere*: Technique of polarisation. Positive religious feelings to be concentrated on dignitaries of the Established Churches (or, if *absolutely necessary*, actors employed to impersonate them). Negative religious feelings to be concentrated, in accordance with tradition, on the person of the Pope. In this connection, the Minister does not understand why the excellent and copious material, derogatory to Pope Hildebrand Vanderbilt II, which has been supplied by the Government of the Italian Soviet Republic, has not been given a wider diffusion. He would welcome the Council's comments on this point, as well as on the persistence of the infamous rumour that this material was supplied in exchange for similar material relating to the

Strange as he might look
arriving at Hatfield Station on an English summer day,
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in providing coldness, freshness, 'head' or 'fizz' all the year round.

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and production are serving the Nation.

ICI

Sacred and Imperial Family. Members of the Council should do all in their power to combat this view and uphold the official statement that suspension of travel to Italy has been necessitated by purely veterinary reasons.

(*b*) *Political sphere*: Technique of replacement. The Minister does not understand the Council's reference to a supposed breakdown of this system, which on the contrary works with extraordinary smoothness. At every election for many years the "Defenders of Throne and Altar" and the "United Anglican and Royalist Party" have succeeded each other, and each party has its loyal partisans throughout the country (the D.T.A. being somewhat stronger in Scotland). It is true that there are marked similarities between the programmes of the two parties; but they are sharply opposed on liturgical matters; and the Minister understands that the violence of their mutual vituperation during successive electoral campaigns has given every satisfaction to the general public.

(*c*) *Social and Personal spheres*: Technique of exhaustive and polymorphous publicity at high levels. At the time when the Independent Television Authority first began to feel its way towards this technique in the dark days of the late 1950s, it must almost have seemed to many as if the House of Lords had outlived its usefulness. To us it seems strange that the Upper House should have at first resisted those reforms which have made it the very fly-wheel of our psychosocial state. Yet so it was. The Royal Decree by which the homes of all peers and their immediate relatives were permanently thrown open to the representatives of press, radio and television for live dramatisation, met with some initial resistance on the part of the peers themselves. But after the execution of Lord Noel-Buxton on Tower Hill—which itself attracted what was at the time a record attendance—the peers rapidly adapted themselves to the new situation. Indeed there was soon keen competition between them for places on the more remunerative Panels—particularly the Wicked Peers, Comic Peers, Arty Peers, Reassuringly Mediocre Peers, Poor Peers and Agricultural Peers.

The Upper House system as we now know it has been hailed by a great German scholar as the greatest triumph of cultural integration (*Kulturgemeinschaft*) in history. Yet this drama which consumes the extensive leisure of the modern masses is also a great engine of state. Through it Her Majesty's Government is kept informed of the psychic temperature of the nation. Through it, and through the patriotic action of the members of your Council in championing different sides in the Noble Quarrels, angry passions are harmlessly diverted. At the same time the technique can be used to increase the prestige of the Sacred and Imperial Family by means of interventions on the side which Public Opinion Research shall have determined to be the more popular. Under this head the recent general rejoicings after Her Majesty's speech forbidding Lord Harewood to play classical music were especially gratifying.

The Minister looks to your Council to continue its patriotic and constructive work under the above heads, and asks me to urge upon you, as I do most earnestly, the unwisdom of embarking on a course which can hardly fail, if persisted in, to lead to what both the Minister and your Council most wish to avoid: some degree of state control over public opinion media.

LONG MAY SHE REIGN!

DONAT O'DONNELL

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Fleet Street Notebook

I DO not propose to shed any tears in these columns over the decline in the Kemsley empire. In the days of its ascendancy in the twenties and thirties when the Berry brothers, Lords Kemsley and Camrose, were buying up provincial newspapers like drunken sailors on a spending spree, its rise did a good deal of damage to journalistic standards and contributed mightily to the woeful decline in the number of independent provincial journals which has been one of the worst features of British journalism over the last 30 years. When Lord Camrose broke with his brother in 1937, taking the *Daily Telegraph* (which thereafter became his main interest and one that did him great credit) the *Financial Times* and the Amalgamated Press—but leaving the main body of the group's national and provincial dailies and Sundays to Lord Kemsley—it soon became clear that he had taken most of the journalistic talent of the partnership with him. Since then the history of the Kemsley Press—always excepting the *Sunday Times* which shines out like a changeling in a nest of unsuccessful stockbroker's clerks—has been so dim as to make even its enemies unhappy.

Nevertheless, the latest changes in his holdings, mentioned here last week, seem to me to raise several questions. The death or sale of a newspaper must always come as something of a shock, raising issues not only of journalistic but social importance bearing upon the relations between newspapers and their readers. But in this instance, as I am glad to say the B.B.C. permitted me to say with some force over the air last Friday night, what we have to consider is not just the death or sale of one newspaper but the sudden killing of two with only the briefest of warning to their staffs, many of whom have faithfully served these papers for a great many years and may find new jobs difficult to get, or their readers, and the equally sudden sale of three others to an ownership with a wholly different political outlook from that previously supported in their columns. Not since the twenties has there been such a holocaust among newspapers.

The Manchester *Daily Dispatch* has been eminent in North Country journalism for fifty-five years. Generations of North Country readers have looked to it to provide them with local news and comment popularly presented, preferring it to any of the popular national dailies which competed with it for their favours. Its sale at close on half a million was the largest of any newspaper published outside London, accounting for nearly a fifth of the total sale of all provincial morning papers. The *Sunday Chronicle*, with 71 years of life behind it, was one of the pioneers of popular Sunday journalism; indeed, when Robert Blatchford was writing its leading articles, it was very much more. Lord Kemsley's infallible touch, and his habit of frequently sacking editors, had lost it some readers in recent years. But it still had a circulation of over 830,000—nearly 100,000 higher than before the war.

Lord Kemsley, whose noble words on the high responsibility of newspaper proprietors and journalists to the public—"newspaper work is a vocation not a mere way of earning a living"—in the introduction to *The Kemsley Manual of Journalism* which I have been re-reading, has now cut the throats of both these long-established newspapers, not because the public did not like them, but because there is more money to be made out of hiring their printing presses to the *Mirror-Pictorial* group than out of publishing them. I wish he had had time to take another look at that introduction. It has some rather touching things to say about how important it is to maintain "the solid weight . . . of the provincial Press."

The Glasgow *Daily Record*, with the highest circulation of any newspaper published in Scotland and second only to that of the *Daily Dispatch* in the whole of the press outside London, has been saved from the knife. It has been more profitable to sell it than to kill it. Henceforth, however, it will appear as a different paper under the same name. It is to have *Mirror* features and *Mirror* politics. Politically, I welcome the change. But if the responsibility of a newspaper to its public is as important as Lord Kemsley says it is in his *Manual*, ought such changes be allowed to take place merely as the by-product of a commercial deal?

When the Kemsley empire was expanding and provincial newspapers were being bought up right and left, C. P. Scott, on his eightieth birthday, issued a reminder to proprietors: "The public," he said, "has its rights. The paper which has grown up in a great community, nourished by its resources, reflecting in a thousand ways its interests, in a real sense belongs to it." And he asked: "How else except in the permanence of that association can it fulfil its duty or repay the benefits it has received?" Before we all fall completely into the habit of accepting as the only valid principle in modern journalism the commercial morals acted on with such austere clarity in this Kemsley deal it might be useful for us all to do some hard thinking about Scott's question.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

The Arts and Entertainment

Oratorio Ancient and Modern

THE limited religious revival of our day has produced a limited revival of interest in a form that not so long ago seemed obsolete or obsolescent: the oratorio. The other day Sir Eugene Goossens unloaded on us, in two broadcast performances, a mammoth work of his own called *The Apocalypse*; more recently B.B.C. forces, under Sir Malcolm Sargent, gave a public performance of Frank Martin's *Golgotha*, a work of far superior fibre which had been broadcast in 1950 and again in 1954.

Even after hearing two of these three performances, I do not feel that *Golgotha* has yet been presented to us in the most favourable light. If it is a masterpiece, as some claim, it is not one of those masterpieces that can be easily transplanted to alien soil. Though written for five soloists and fairly large forces, this Passion oratorio is no generous and abundant outpouring of musical invention, but rather the highly distinguished major effort of a minor master, at certain moments very moving in its purity and sincerity, at other times plain and reticent to the verge of dullness. Sir Malcolm had prepared the work with care, and his performance was effective enough in a broad sense, but in the secular surroundings of the Festival Hall it diffused no spiritual radiance. The chorus did well; among the soloists Walter Midgley came nearest to catching the composer's quiet and earnest tone of voice. On reflection, I doubt if any other group of English singers would have done much better: the real difficulty, as before in *Le Vin Herbé*, is that Martin's music is wedded with exquisite and highly conscious art to the French text. I might not have guessed this if I had not happened to follow the oratorio in a score which contains only the original French; as it was, again and again I found myself imagining the effect that could be made by an artist of the calibre of Heinz Rehfuss or Hugues Cuénod in declaiming passages of arioso that sounded (through no fault of either singer or translator) too stiff and bare in English. Frequently, as also in *Le Vin Herbé*, the admirable congruity of word and musical phrase recalls the vocal style of *Pelléas*; and though it is better to hear *Pelléas* in English or in German than not to hear it at all, Debussy's opera has never seemed fully itself in any language but the original. I hope that some day we shall be given the chance to hear both *Golgotha* and *Le Vin Herbé* in first-rate French performances, we might then, perhaps, find both these works as convincing in their totality as they now seem in part, and as satisfying as Martin's instrumental masterpieces, the Harpsichord Concerto and the *Petite Symphonie Concertante*, or as the set of choral settings of Ariel's songs from *The Tempest*. In an English performance, we begin to find a certain monotony in the almost complete absence of contrapuntal writing, and in the prevalence in the orchestral part of notes of even value and of successive major or minor common chords, strangely co-existing with a rudimentary note-row technique. There are, in any case, sections of *Golgotha* which immediately stand out for their elegiac beauty or for their dramatic power; for example, the contralto meditation at the beginning of the second part, the imaginative moment when the mocking male-chorus cries of "Christ!" are taken up on another plane and compassionately echoed by the female chorus and soloists, and the horribly vivid setting of the words "Crucify Him!" which does not suggest violent anger, but the dull, brutal persistence of a mob shouting slogans.

On the following night Sir Thomas Beecham, happily restored to health, offered us the highly individual and picturesque version of Handel's *Solomon* which has been since 1928 one of his war-horses. The marvellously rich and melodious score, bubbling over with vitality, self-confidence and delight in the whole panorama of the visible world, stands at the opposite pole from Martin's quiet self-communings; it was treated by Sir Thomas with infectious enjoyment and majestic indifference to the pedantic notions of scholars. The music was freely rescored, even to the use of four horns in the accompaniment of a passage of dry recitative; the resulting sound was sumptuous, and occasionally too thick for the rather light-voiced soloists. Any performance of a Handel oratorio which contains 63 numbers must be cut down by about half if it is to fit an ordinary concert; surprisingly, Sir Thomas chose to jettison the entire central episode of the judgment between the two women, thus discarding the only section of the work which has any narrative or dramatic interest. What was left was little more than a concert, celebrating the magnanimity, splendour and conjugal felicity of the great monarch; but what a concert! Immediately after the heavenly Nightingale Chorus, as sweet and lilting as any music ever written, the Queen of Sheba (Jennifer Vyvyan) came prancing on to that joyous *sinfonia* of hers; and for the rest of the evening she was duly "shown round the premises" without a word of protest from Solomon's own Queen (Elsie Morison). Just when we were beginning to forget all about this lady, she rose and sang "Beneath the Vine," a lovely rustic G major song omitted from the abridged Novello score. Not to be outdone, the dusky Queen thereupon bade farewell to Solomon's court with an equally fine E minor aria with oboe obbligato, "Will the sun forget to streak?" Both these unfamiliar pieces were very beautifully sung

In diplomatic circles...

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by the respective sopranos, who had previously seemed somewhat hampered by their too backward position on the platform, and the evening ended with an exhilarating performance of the elaborate chorus for double choir, "Praise the Lord with harp and tongue." The Beecham Choral Society, making their first appearance, sang throughout with ripe, well-balanced tone and with the buoyant vitality appropriate to their name.

In his autobiography Sir Thomas tells us how he once bet an opera-scorning business man that he could not fail to enjoy Bizet's *Fair Maid of Perth*. The business man reluctantly went, and paid up on the spot. I see that the Oxford University Opera Club are giving four performances of this rarely heard work at the Oxford Town Hall, beginning on November 30th; and I commend the enterprise to the attention of readers.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Off Target

THEATRE managers sometimes remind us of prep-school boys, in the way they get swept away by "crazes." After the Anouilh craze, the Betti craze is now in full swing, and a new management, Toby Roland, Ltd., begin their career with a presentation of one of Betti's comedies *Summertime* at the Apollo; and this new management is to be congratulated on the high standard of its first production. *Summertime* is very well mounted (James Bailey), and given an interesting cast. All the sadder, then, that one cannot welcome it as an undoubted success; it isn't a failure either, by a long way. But here is one of those curious differences between the theatre and, say, the cinema. Films which are only partly successful circulate and are well attended; they no doubt pay their way. With plays the in-betweens fail. In the theatre, as Jouvet used to remark, there is only success.

Just why *Summertime* does not quite "come off" is a little perplexing. The text is thin, certainly, but no thinner than a great many successful comedies. Its theme is of how a girl sets out to make the boy next door fall in love with her, when he, having grown up beside her, thinks of her as only a companion. The obstacles put in the way of her design in the course of a day's picnicking are sufficiently amusing. There is the stiff, pedantic doctor whom her aunt wants her to marry; there is a girl he met on a beach and her fierce brother who is out for retribution. The comedy has lightness and charm but it hasn't much in the way of character or much in the way of distinction; and Mr. Peter Hall, the clever young Arts Theatre director, seems to have sensed this and tried to put into it that little bit extra. "This is by Betti, a serious and distinguished playwright," he seems to have said, "it must be better than it appears; it will lend itself surely to treatment." And he proceeds to give it the treatment which I have nicknamed "Arts Council Kitsch." "Arts Council Kitsch" is that recognisable "style," borrowing from mime and ballet, which is superimposed by producers on gesture and movement to underline for the audience the fact that it is all meant to be funny, but funny in the most refined artistic way. This involves a good deal of arch mincing and whinnying from the principals, while hopping, skipping and scurrying are very observable in the smaller parts. This is, of course, the very opposite of real comedy acting, in which the actor must take his predicament with all the seriousness in the world. The miming of funniness, in which this cast are encouraged, is one of the vices of Art Theatre.

There is another obstacle, I think, in the way of this play's success. Mr. Henry Reed has translated this comedy, not adapted it. Its foreign origin is very evident in the shape of the dialogue and the run of the sentences; and English acting (even of the Kitsch variety) is all the time at odds with the still Italian shape. All the same *Summertime*, while never generating the full pressure, is agreeably pleasing. It might even catch on. Mr. Dirke Bogarde and Miss Geraldine McEwan do what they are made to do with a good deal of charm and attack; it is not their fault that it is phoney. Mr. Michael Gwynn, as the doctor, scores a minor triumph by refusing to play the producer's game wholeheartedly and by letting something real through. Miss Gwen Ffrangçon Davies is wasted on one sole small delightful passage at the beginning.

Komuso, the Robert Nichols play, which the Arts Theatre are presenting at the moment, I found full of interest, though it, too, must be judged not wholly successful. The naturalistic tradition—the only one really available to him at the time—is hopelessly unsuited to the kind of ideas and feelings which Nichols wanted to express. Yet he made a remarkable first attempt (if this was the first attempt) to plump out the form with something richer and fuller in the way of language than it commonly holds. The atmosphere is well created and held of a European group exiled in Japan just after the Great War, and since they are an intelligent group, away from their native surroundings, and sensitive to an exoticism wholly alien to them, it seems natural enough for them to express what is commonly left unexpressed in Woking or Guildford. With an interesting set of relationships laid out for us, it was still possible up to the last act to think that the author might bring it off. Round the charming, grave, as yet unawakened person of Karin Ballantyne, the young wife of a research doctor, a small circle has formed. But we are principally concerned with her cold fish of a husband, an intellectual drunk and an attractive rich bounder. The psychological tangles in which they are variously caught are, as they are gradually revealed to us, convincing enough in themselves, if only Nichols hadn't stuck a melodramatic plot on to what is, and should simply have remained, a psychological tangle. Without the melodrama the play might have worked; with it, it comes to a distastrous end after a promising beginning. Good performances from Peter Copley and Michael Warre. Too many bad performances in the lesser parts.

T. C. WORSLEY

I've Only Got Four Eyes

AWFUL things are always happening to my television set. Sometimes I get sound without vision sometimes vision without sound (which is nice and quiet but reduces even the most brilliant performer to mouthing imbecility). More often I get a dazzling, quicksilver pattern reminiscent of a rather good handwoven tweed.

But it is worst of all when, not having two sets I have to keep switching from one programme to the other and back again, just in case I am missing something worth seeing. One learns pretty soon, I fear, that this is improbable. I have been disappointed by some of the most-boosted programmes: for instance, last Saturday's instalment of the B.B.C.'s *Quatermass II* was itself less spine-tingling than the mere preliminary announcement that it was "not suitable for children or for those of you who have a nervous disposition." I noted with pleasure this snatch of dialogue between a "scientist" and a blonde: "But it's not a natural asteroid." "Of course—I'm being so stupid."

Another regular thriller is ITV's *Inner Sanctum*—an American filmed programme which opens with the sound of a creaking door and an exaggeratedly blood-curdling, ogling voice inviting you in. Monday night's episode—a highly moral tale about a New York taxi-driver who kept some money he found in his cab—began to build up tension almost as effectively as W. W. Jacobs's *The Monkey's Paw*. (This came to mind because the taxi-driver's wife had a good-luck charm which was part of the story.)

But the tension was broken even more effec-

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tively. Just when the taxi-driver had been recognised by the owner of the money, in came the commercials: Austin Seven, Lyons' Tea. Then—blankness . . . an apology for a temporary breakdown, music. Five minutes later: "I am happy to announce we can now go back to *Inner Sanctum* at a point where the taxi-driver has just killed Mr. Crane." This was too maddening: the wretched film had been unwinding all the time; we had missed the actual murder.

As the programme ended, the "blood-curdling" voice sneered: "Was it necklace or noose? Lila wore it . . . but poor Joe—he got it in the neck! [An eerie chuckle] *Good* night. . . . Pleasant dreams. . . ."

Lexicographers will note that *sanctum* now means a place dedicated to crimes of violence.

Over to the B.B.C. for *Panorama*. Woodrow Wyatt was interviewing Sir Miles Thomas and other big shots of civil aviation. His voice was clear and incisive. Some viewers may have been bewildered by the fact that he wore a different tie (a bow) at the end of the item—thus emphasising the fact that it had been filmed at different times and pieced together. I admired Mr. Wyatt's daring, however: after he had got through with his interviews he lashed out at those he had been interviewing; they had been "terribly over-optimistic," he didn't "believe a word" of what some of them had said. Did they think him ungrateful?

Immediately after this I had to switch back to ITV in order to avoid *Television Dancing Club*, from the Carlton Ballroom, Kilburn, featuring Victor Silvester and his orchestra, a confection utterly remote from real jazz. The best jazz on TV is in *Downbeat* (ITV, Tuesday, 7.30), whose compère, too, Ron Parry, seems pleasantly shy and melancholy in contrast with the bursting false-bonhomie of most of them. Instead of Silvester, I took in part of ITV's *Your Kind of Music*, a puzzlingly but not disagreeably high-lowbrow medley, in which Miss Kyla Greenbaum played a Khachaturian toccata and Miss Peggy Maude gave a remarkable impersonation of a waxwork model of Vesta Tilley coming to life and singing *Burlington Bertie*.

Back to the B.B.C. for *What's My Line?*—just in time to see Silvester fade into an emphatic caption: "THE END." This seemed unfair to the rest of the evening's entertainment, but was an apt description of the past forty-five minutes.

What's My Line? remains unbeatable in its *genre*. Eamonn Andrews tactfully corrects the challengers if they unintentionally give misleading answers, thus protecting them from the awful wrath of Gilbert Harding. It is fascinating to watch Mr. Harding's powerful mind churning aloud. Lady Barnett is as sparklingly clear-cut as a frosty autumn afternoon: she would be terrifying on the Bench if one were a poacher or other working-class offender. Miss Yolande Donlan was far better than the dailies had led me to suppose she would be.

Tuesday was another of these restless evenings. After *Downbeat* (which this week included the world's greatest blues-singer, Big Bill Broonzy), I stayed with commercial to see *You've Never Seen This*, for which I have a slightly shamefaced penchant. It is a magazine programme of curiosities, dug up by a Mr. Pete Collins, who is an exaggerated version of the stage American tourist. Each item in turn is the most fantastic, the most incredible he has ever seen: "I wondered if I should wake up and find myself in bed." Tiresome as he is, he does have some extraordinary finds; it is like reading Louis de Rougemont in an old bound volume of the *Wide World*. Recently he showed us a woman writing ten numbers simultaneously on a blackboard (with ten bits of chalk fixed to her fingers). This week's items were rather less intellectual: an Austrian yogi who spends months at a time in a glass bottle (not as a stunt, we were assured), and a can-can danced by five women who weigh between them half a ton (not really my cup of tea).

From 8.30 to 10 was the most difficult period. I lingered longer than I meant to with ITV's professional boxing from Harringay. Whether

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one is a boxing fan or not, this does provide the most enthralling television actuality. But I took passing glances at the B.B.C.'s *It's Easy When You Know How* (expert craftsmen, tricks of trades), and found that it grew on me.

The B.B.C.'s *Top Town* was, to me, the evening's big disappointment. This is an amateur show and should perhaps not be judged by professional standards. But this particular instalment had been boosted in advance as "sophisticated," because it was a contest between Oxford and Cambridge.

Cambridge, where undergraduates are apparently called "students," came on first: members of the University in gown and mortarboard, townsmen in various attires; a quartet of "business men" in white ties and tails harmonised *Sweet and Low*, with candelabra on the table and *Cries of Old London* framed on the wall. On the whole, Town had it over Gown: slickest item of all was the Gurston Trio ("tradesmen").

Oxford would surely not let us down so badly. Alas! At least one Oxford undergraduate wore not only cap and gown but college blazer: definitely non-U. Oxford, I gather, won. But—"sophisticated"? An anthology, rather, of every *cliché* of the village social.

Each team had its female ballad-warbler, framed in a garden doorway. I couldn't stand any more of it when one of these charmers gave out with "... *and* in the *evening* when the *sun* is low, *you'll* hold me clo-o-ose and never *let* me go-o-o ..." How wrong she was! I had a good wash, with the most sophisticated soap I could find, and went out to the local—catching, as I passed the TV set, a blind law-student singing a serenade to his guide-dog (Sandra); as I switched it off, I reflected irritably that I had wasted several hours that might have been devoted more usefully to beer and talk.

Tom Driberg

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A Variety of Ford

John Ford Season, at the National Film Theatre

"Mister Roberts", at Warner's

"Jocephine and Men", at the Plaza

First from being on holiday, then through mild illness, I have missed the greater part of the John Ford Season which has been in progress at South Bank since early September. *My Darling Clementine, Tobacco Road,* and *Young Mr. Lincoln* I should certainly have enjoyed re-seeing, and no doubt among his hundred and fourteen films odd corners might have been glimpsed—for example, Shirley Temple in *Wee Willie Winkle.* Then I wonder whether *The Grapes of Wrath* looms enormously as it did (yes, surely), whether the art of *The Long Voyage Home* looks any less self-conscious: there are Fords, as it were, at all prices. The other afternoon for the first time I did encounter a couple of small-town yarns from the mid-Thirties, taking one back in turn to the aftermath of the Civil War. *Judge Priest* and *Steamboat Round the Bend* inaugurated the mood of *The Sun Shines Bright,* which delighted us all some months ago; a mood of boisterous affection, touched with sentiment. In all of them, the sun shines bright, and old battles are fought again; there are beanfeasts and croquet matches; the court room is a place where the chicken-stealer must wait long till the gossip of the day has died down; they fish lazily and strike up a Southern tune and resist class and push wherever it may seek to encroach. Will Rogers plays a dominant role in both these films, and not only is he exactly the man for the part, being shrewdly lackadaisical and something of a leg-puller, but he knows just how far he can push his charm, even—without fear of clipping—to the point of sentimental monologues. Parts of *Judge Priest* and *Steamboat Round the Bend* are wonderfully spirited; especially, the trial in the first and the expert with the spittoon, and in the second the surrealist waxworks and a splendid race of tiered paddle-steamers down the Mississippi. They have a forthright fun and happiness, which is even rarer in the cinema today than it was at the time of their making. Both films have already been seen during the season—which ends next week with *The Sun Shines Bright*—but I understand they will be repeated later.

The one hundred and fourteenth film, *Mister Roberts,* has just arrived at Warners. Some authentic touches are there: long rolling blue seas, a murderous stagnation in the middle of war, Mr. Fonda with the advantage of Ford roles recessed in our memory. But is it—as this very uneven adventure goes on—an advantage? The film is only half Ford's, the other share being Mervyn Leroy's. Now farce is uppermost, now the stern yearnings of the Lieutenant for Action. This falls to Mr. Fonda. It would be a pleasure to meet a film in which the hero did *not* yearn to die for his country—which is what happens to Mr. Fonda. There must have been such a man if one looked carefully. Most of the time we enjoy the polished comedy of Fonda, William Powell, and Jack Lemmon under the shadow of a maniac on the bridge: this, rather off beat, is James Cagney. He stumps out of his cabin now and again to water a palm tree, roars new punishments down on his crew, glares under his pulled-down cap, and tries his best to instil in us that, as captains go, Mr. Bogart in a similar role was the most natural and lovable of men. The film badly needs glueing together in all ways: whether this was chiefly the result or the cause of the dual directorship, I don't know. Still for all its shortcomings I found it mildly invigorating.

That was hardly the impact of *Josephine and Men,* directed by Roy Boulting, and written by Nigel Balchin, in a convention that seems to date back to Henry Arthur Jones. Josephine (Glynis Johns) loves men who need looking after, and so leaves a successful business man (Donald Sinden) to marry a playwright in an attic (Peter Finch); but then *he* finds success too, and the first love, who has been merging not wisely but too well, appears out of the night, irresistibly on the run; and finally, with a switch this way and a switch that, and Mr. Jack Buchanan rather endearingly delivering tired witticisms at a bar .... Oh, go and see it for yourself. Or don't.

William Whitebait

Paintings by Ginette Rapp, at the Adams Gallery

On the Ile de Sein off Brittany not a shrub grows. A few potatoes survive the Colorado beetles and, for the rest, several hundred people, cut off from the mainland during the winter, contrive to live by fishing, beachcombing and burning seaweed for iodine. Ginette Rapp's painting of a fisherman's wife from this island is unmistakable. It is not her best painting because it is too linear, too "ironed out," but its truth of character proves her humility, proves that her desire for realism is deep and that her rejection of the synthetic dishonesties of St. Germain is not just an attitude to defend another egocentric manner—as it has become in Buffet's case. She emerges from this show more strongly than she did from the Tate exhibition of *Four French Realists.* There her black Bretagne boats and huts, her scrubby grass and grey skies were accurately evocative, but they owed some of their arresting power to a slightly imposed angularity, perhaps borrowed from Buffet. Here, particularly in a large canvas of the sea breaking against a grassy beach, she shows that she need not rely on this device: that she has a fine sense of aerial perspective and atmosphere—the grey silk screen is lifted—and also, incidentally, a secret but certain sense of colour. She uses a palette knife after Courbet, but she tries to use each small broken mark it makes as Corot used a brush mark. Rapp has been accused of being a depressing artist (her vision is certainly a desolate one—she might have designed an excellent set for *Waiting For Godot*) but those who make this accusation forget that boats are tarred to keep the water out, that grass *is* scrubby where the air is salt, that Brittany is a tragic province and that the Atlantic exists in the winter as well as the summer. To turn facts into art is to inspire; essentially Rapp's aim is no different from Dufy's.

J. B.

Correspondence

SECURITY IN THE CIVIL SERVICE

Sir,—In your comments on the Burgess and Maclean debate in the House of Commons you express some uneasiness about the future of civil servants holding Left opinions, but you do not appear to realise that, if the premises on which the security procedure is based are conceded, political persecution of Left opinions is inevitable. It is time that these premises were re-examined and not accepted as self-evidently true. It is certainly not the case that "Nobody doubts the need for some security check on the civil service" if these words mean the continuance of the existing system.

As most people know Mr. Attlee justified the introduction of the present security procedure in March, 1948, in the following words:—

> Experience ... has shown that membership of, and other forms of continuing association with, the Communist Party may involve acceptance of a loyalty which in certain circumstances can be inimical to the state. ... The government has, therefore, reached the conclusion that the only prudent course to adopt is to ensure that no one who is known to be a member of the Communist Party, or to be associated with it in such a way to raise legitimate doubts about his or her reliability is employed in connection with work the nature of which is vital to the security of the state.

Now this kind of thinking is not, unhappily, new; it has inspired almost every religious and political persecution which has disgraced this country from the age of Elizabeth until today. Its inherent viciousness has been exposed time and time again by liberal thinkers but one instance of this must suffice. Macaulay, in discussing the persecution of the Catholics in the sixteenth century—a persecution based on precisely the same premises as those put forward by Mr. Attlee—wrote: "To punish a man because he has committed a crime, or because he is believed, though unjustly, to have committed a crime, is not persecution. To punish a man, because we infer from the nature of some doctrine which he holds, *or from the conduct of other persons who hold the same doctrines with him*, that he will commit a crime, is persecution, and is, in every case, foolish and wicked."

It is true that Left civil servants are not yet being disembowelled for their opinions; it is true that, so far, they are not even being sent to prison for crimes under the Official Secrets Act which they have not yet committed. But it is none the less true that they are being subjected to a political persecution which may shortly have consequences hardly less serious for them than open penal action. Hitherto it has been assumed that there would be little difficulty in placing an "unreliable" non-technical civil servant in a non-secret job. But there is some reason to think that this solution is becoming increasingly difficult. If alternative employment on non-secret work cannot be found obviously the officer must be dismissed. If he is dismissed what chance does he stand of finding other employment? What reason is he to give for his dismissal? And if the truth is told what kind of reception is he likely to get? The fact is that a civil servant dismissed under the security procedure faces the scrap heap and has little before him and his family but an inadequate gratuity or pro-rata pension and the National Assistance Board. He may well reflect in this bitter situation on Mill's remark on the effects of the persecution of opinion that "Men might as well be imprisoned as excluded from the means of earning their bread." Nor is he likely to find much comfort in Mr. Attlee's egregious statement that the action taken against him "is being taken solely on security grounds. The state is not concerned with the political views, as such, of its servants." The distinction is so nice that only an expert in double-think can perceive it.

As you are aware, the action taken against Left opinion in the civil service is by no means confined to members of the Communist Party—and I do not mean to imply that it would be justified if it were. Independent Socialists—too independent to tolerate the uninspired bureaucracy and doubtful socialism of the Labour Party or the rigid discipline of the Communist Party—are suffering under this vicious and unwarrantable procedure. These constitutional non-conformists, these essential dissenters, are being swept along with the rest into the ideological tumbrils which now creak daily up Whitehall.

The truth is that the present security procedure operated in the civil service (and elsewhere) is utterly incompatible with the pretensions of a liberal democratic state. Such a state is bound to tolerate unpopular minority opinions, with whatever risks that may imply, or give up its pretensions. The Left civil servant now often feels that he must prevaricate and lie to keep his job or tell the truth and risk being discarded as "unreliable."

CIVIL SERVANT

SIR,—In the course of recent discussion of the Burgess and Maclean case, the doctrine has ben put forward both in Parliament and in the press that it is part of a university teacher's duties to report on the political views of his students. Now one may well wonder how many university teachers are well enough versed in the theory and practice of politics to make correct inferences from such scraps of evidence as come their way. Much injustice could result from faulty diagnosis.

But there are even more disquieting considerations. The system of teaching generally adopted in British universities involves close personal contact between student and teacher. If it is to work, there must be confidence and lack of constraint between them. If students believe that anything they say to their tutor may be taken down in writing and used in evidence against them—evidence which they will have no opportunity to challenge or rebut—mutual confidence will vanish. Furthermore, in order to evaluate the reports of university teachers, the security authorities will require to know something about their political affiliations; this is elementary intelligence procedure. Perhaps Vice-Chancellors and heads of Colleges will be invited to submit periodical confidential reports on their colleagues. How the reliability of Vice-Chancellors and heads of Colleges could best be assessed I cannot at the moment think.

Would it not be better if university teachers made it clear that they do not intend to become part-time unpaid police informers?

1 Leinster Road, N.10. ROBERT BROWNING

CHURCH AND STATE

SIR,—Your correspondent Austin Lee quotes Archbishop Davidson as writing "It is those who refuse to solemnise the marriage of an innocent party who are the innovators." As he gives no reference we cannot check the quotation or estimate its context. But it does not represent the Archbishop's general line. In Bishop Bell's "Randall Davidson," chapter 76, various letters of his on the subject appear. In one he writes in 1924: "We may be perfectly persuaded in our own mind of the innocence of the petitioner in a Divorce Suit, and very often he or she is, as you say, much to be pitied, but undoubtedly the remarriage of such a person, be it man or woman, is contrary to the spirit and intent of our Church, if not to its positive enactments. I express the sense I entertain of disapproving of such marriages by declining to issue a Licence for their celebration."

In 1920 Lord Buckmaster's Divorce Bill was before the House of Lords. On May 4 Archbishop Davidson moved the insertion of a new clause: "The marriage of a person whose previous marriage has been dissolved under the provisions of this act, and whose former husband or wife is still living, shall not be solemnised in any Church or Chapel of the Church of England."

In any case, Mr. Symon's statement that "the Anglican Church in its formularies and public declarations upholds the indissolubility of marriage" is hardly touched by quoting utterances of individuals. The wording of the marriage service is final ("till death us do part," "keep thee only unto him (her) so long as ye both shall live") and represents the mind and formularies of the Church from before the Reformation.

As to "public declarations," your readers may refer to the report of the Lambeth Conference of 1920, attended by 252 Bishops under Archbishop Davidson's chairmanship. Article 67 opens: "The Conference affirms as our Lord's principle and standard of marriage a life-long and indissoluble union, for better, for worse, of one man with one woman, to the exclusion of all others on either side, and calls on all Christian people to maintain and bear witness to this standard." This declaration was expressly reaffirmed by the Lambeth Conference of 1930 (308 Bishops) and a similar declaration was made by the 1948 Conference (329 Bishops).

6 The Green, T. B. SCRUTTON
Woodford Green, Essex.

SIR,—I should like to support Mr. Austin Lee's contradiction of the Rev. A. Symon's unjustifiable claim that "the Anglican Church in its formularies and public declarations upholds the indissolubility of marriage." Besides Archbishop Davidson and Bishop Mandell Creighton, Mr. Lee might have cited Archbishop F. Temple ("The Book of Common Prayer does not pronounce marriage indissoluble"), Bishop C. Wordsworth, Bishop Edward King, Bishop Hensley Henson, Dean Rashdall, Dean Inge and Canon W. Bright as being among the many eminent Anglican divines who have upheld the rightness of Church marriage for the divorced in suitable cases. Few people seem aware that such marriage, at the discretion of the clergy, has been the law and practice of the Church of England since the Reformation, which law and practice were reaffirmed by Parliament, with the approval of the bishops themselves, as recently as 1937. It still persists despite widespread propaganda to the effect that the Church of England forbids such marriage, and that it is impossible to obtain.

I myself solemnise the marriage of divorced persons who satisfy me regarding their good faith, and frequently refer inquirers to clergy of my acquaintance who, like myself, assert their legal right to minister to divorced persons who would otherwise be deprived of their spiritual rights. I think the time is overdue for representing to the bishops that the least the nation has a right to expect of them, in return for their very considerable emoluments and privileges under the Establishment, is respect for its laws.

Please allow me to invite the names of liberally minded clergy amongst your readers who are willing to act in the matter, as indicated above; communications would be treated, of course, confidentially.

W. J. S. WEIR

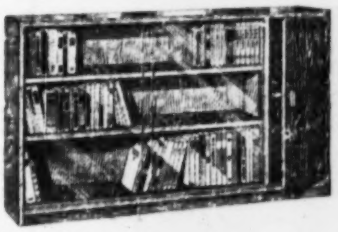
Kirton Rectory, Ipswich.

THE RED DANUBE

SIR,—I spent three weeks in Rumania in September, being, I believe, the first British tourist unconnected with any official organisation, delegation, or conducted tour to be allowed in the country since the war. My impressions were very similar to those of Mr. MacKenzie, but in view of Mr. Slater's letter one or two experiences may be of interest.

I stayed in Bucharest, and if I wished to go anywhere else I had to give 24 hours' notice to the police of my intended destination and this was stamped on my police pass. Any Rumanian wishing to travel has to do the same, and some people I met on the train showed me their passes to prove this.

I speak no better Rumanian than your correspondents, but it is a very easy language to pick up and most Rumanians have a smattering of German. The people I met in trains, cafés and so forth were very pleased to talk to someone from the West, and for what it may be worth nearly all were bitterly critical of the Communist government. In fact, I met only two Communist supporters during my whole time. I entirely endorse Mr. MacKenzie's description of a cowed and sullen people and I agree with him that I have never seen so many soldiers and police in my life as one sees in Bucharest at any rate. As regards buying in the stores, if Mr. Slater had looked more carefully he would have seen how many lookers on there were, and how few buyers.



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As a last example of the conditions, a complete stranger who had recognised my English accent approached me in the street and asked me to write to a friend of hers in England when I got back to say she was alive. She said that all letters were censored and if she tried to write herself she would get into trouble with the police.

A. St. J. Davies

47 Eaton Mews South, S.W.1.

GUNPOWDER SERMON

Sir,—The purpose of what Mr. Berentzen condescendingly calls my "potboiler" was to show that the Protestant minority in France contributed far more to public life than its numerical weakness (one per cent. of the nation) or the parallel of the otherwise comparable Catholic minority in England would suggest. None of Mr. Berentzen's observations seem to me relevant, but I shall nevertheless try to answer them.

(1) Mr. Berentzen asks whether I rank Newman as an intellectual tired of thinking. I would not seek to squeeze so complex a personality as Newman into any general category; but I note that he did himself write that in theological matters (which alone interested him) "since I became a Catholic, I have ceased to think for myself." As for the English Catholic writers named by Mr. Berentzen, though I might differ in my estimate of some of them, I see no need of dispute. I have never stated or implied that English Catholics have contributed nothing to literature.

(2) "I do not know what is meant," says Mr. Berentzen, "by the bold statement that in 1870 it was the Protestant ministers who refused capitulation to the Prussians." I was referring to the fact that the two war ministers who refused such capitulation, Freycinet, Minister of the provisional government, and Rossel, Minister of the Commune, were both Protestants. Mr. Berentzen does not refute this "bold statement" by stating that there were some Catholics, not ministers, who also resisted. Of course, there were—just as there were in 1940. But one cannot say of the Catholics, as one can of the Protestants, that they were *characterised* by the spirit of resistance: indeed the Catholic Church (as distinct from certain individuals who happened to be Catholics) was characterised, even in France, by compliance.

(3) Mr. Berentzen writes as if I had said that Catholicism was a spent force in the Third Republic. He writes as if, by stating that Protestants took the lead in reforming the national system of education, I had denied the foundation by Catholics of monastic and other institutions. He writes as if I had expressed certainty that there are no flourishing Catholic institutions in England today. I do not feel called upon to defend statements which I have never made, and will only say that if this is Mr. Berentzen's method of argument, clearly it is not only I who must "do better next time."

H. R. Trevor-Roper

Christ Church, Oxford.

Sir,—Calvinists are not often praised in the New Statesman and Nation, and few will grudge French Protestants Mr. Trevor-Roper's admiration. But when he writes, in "Huguenots and Papists," that "Newman's *Apologia* may excite pity but cannot command respect," what does "cannot" mean? The book was an immediate triumph and has remained a classic through 90 years. It is much to the credit of protestant Victorian England that there was so much fair-minded readiness, from *The Times* downwards, to pay full tribute to the literary and intellectual power of Newman's work; and, more importantly, to the integrity which had made him give up the Church of England and Oxford to start life again as a member of an unfamiliar, small and struggling body. There is an account of the very eulogistic reception of the book, and of Newman's gratification, in Wilfred Ward's *Life*. To treat it as pitiable, or to say that Newman did not and does not command respect, is to flaunt an animus which is strong enough to disregard an obvious historical fact.

Douglas Woodruff

128 Sloane St., S.W.1.

SIR NUCLEAR FISSION

Sir,—An essay of mine called "Grey Eminences" appeared some time ago in your columns and was reprinted by request—and possibly in a cut version —in an American technical journal, with a limited circulation, under the title, I think, of "Sir Nuclear Fission". This was my name for the imaginary physicist whose career, outlook, temperament, I sketched in this piece. On November 11 the *Daily Express* published a sensational article accusing me of deliberately attempting to "smear" Sir William Penney to the American public. There is, of course, no truth whatever in this charge. I made it quite clear that I was not describing any individual scientist. I have never met Sir William Penney, and when I wrote the essay I knew nothing about his background, his career, his outlook and opinions. If this extraordinary *Daily Express* article has annoyed or embarrassed him, I am very sorry, but the fault is not mine. My role as usual is not that of "smearer" but of "smearee."

J. B. Priestley

THE RING AND THE BOOK

Sir,—I have only now seen Mr. Munby's article on the antiquarian book-trade ring in which he quoted my letter to *The Times*. I can assure him, and your readers, that the ring still operates and that some of those who gave their pledge to the Antiquarian Booksellers' Association still take part.

The ring will never be entirely stamped out, but the plain fact of the matter is, that if the few large firms whose names are household words wherever books are bought would stop taking part in the ring, the whole thing would collapse as there would not be enough in for the remainder to make it really worth while. These firms continue to take part in the ring, I believe, not primarily because, as Mr. Munby suggests, it is a very profitable thing for them to do, but because of a mistaken loyalty to "The Boys." These ignorant parasites are the ones who do best and deserve least from the trade as a whole. They turn up at every sale and by their mere presence obtain anything from £10 to £30 a time, all of which is eventually paid for by the big firms who ultimately buy the books, usually at very little less than the price they would have had to pay in open competition, sometimes at more. The assistants and those who organise the swindle do well, but not the firms themselves. If only half a dozen of these basically honourable and decent firms would support the executive of the A.B.A., then all would be well. Mr. Munby's last paragraph hits the nail on the head, more especially as next year Great Britain is to be the venue of the meeting of the International League of Antiquarian Booksellers, and the British Association will be celebrating its 50th anniversary.

Robin E. Waterfield

22 Chain Street, Reading.

DUBLIN

Sir,—As a Dubliner myself I know Dublin presents as many faces to the observant soul as there are visitors to our traditionally hospitable shores, and I hope readers of the New Statesman and Nation will not be misled by the itzy-bitzy bit of profile presented to them by Miss Honor Tracy in her "Postcard From Dublin" published two weeks ago. Mind you, I'm saying nothing, but I'd like to know the name of the stationer's where Miss Tracy buys her postcards, if only to tell him that while postcards may legitimately be highly coloured in design, and daring and even indecent in content, they should bear some relation to the city or country of their supposed origin! Miss Tracy's postcard bore as much relation to the Dublin of one hundred thousand people as Dublin itself does to Ireland, which, come to think of it, isn't a great deal.

However, postcards by their very nature cannot contain much of weighty moment, and it is only on her descriptions of the I.R.A., and in particular her ladylike description of the outrageous prison sentences (of life *and* fourteen years) on the three young Irish patriots captured in the Arborfield raid as "three more young thugs come to grief", that I wish to comment, for the purpose of pleading with your readers to write to their M.P.s, whether they be Labour Party or Conservative, and ask them to press for an immediate review of these sentences by the Home Secretary.

Ewart Milne

Creeksea Hall,
Burnham-on-Crouch.

ABORTION LAW REFORM

Sir,—Thank you for your reference to "the powerful support given by a resolution of the Magistrate's Association to the already strong case for reform in the abortion laws." But I should like to correct your date for the *Bourne* judgment, which was *not* pronounced in 1939, but in 1938. This is more important than it seems, for the following reason. The interdepartmental committee on abortion was in 1938 deliberating, and did not issue its report until 1939. It then advocated "that the law should be made unmistakably clear that a medical practitioner is acting legally, when in good faith he procures the abortion of a pregnant woman in circumstances which satisfy him that continuance of the pregnancy is likely to endanger her life or seriously impair her health." The fact that this recommendation was made after the *Bourne* judgment indicates that the committee were convinced that this judgment should be made statutory.

Alice Jenkins,
Honorary Secretary

The Abortion Law Reform Association,
53 Gloucester Terrace, W.2.

FORD MADOX FORD

Sir,—I am at present engaged in preparing a study of the literary career of Ford Madox (Hueffer) Ford (1873–1939) and would very much appreciate it if anyone possessing letters or other material concerning his life and work would communicate with me.

Frank MacShane

New College, Oxford.

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JONATHAN CAPE

Children's Books Supplement

Afternoon at the Grange

THE party was held at the Grange. It had always been held at the Grange, the only great house of its kind in the shire that hadn't been taken over by the National Trust, or turned into a Youth Hostel, or a reformatory school. It was a wonder, too, that it looked so well with Sir Guy away, no one knew where, and only the old housekeeper, Mrs. Withers, and Medlock the gardener, to keep it going. No one knew when Sir Guy would be back, either. It used to be given out that he was in India, but he had left there a long time ago, after the Trouble. Anyway, the old instructions had never been countermanded and so, year after year, the party went on.

Everybody came, of course. It showed that you were in circulation. It was a fact that nearly all the guests had known the place in one way or another, even if only through carol-singing, or looking for wills or burglars or trout, or maybe a job or a ghost. Rose and Jessie and Benny and Gerty, for instance, had been in service here in the old days, or at least in one of Miss Grace's Sunday classes; they still liked to keep themselves to themselves. You could hear their thin voices raised in a hymn as they grouped themselves about the ornamental pond. Not the best place, I doubt, thought Mrs. Withers at the kitchen window, remembering an earlier misadventure in which some of Dean Farrar's lads had been involved. Though, to be sure, that great rough boy had turned up the next year a changed soul, and had sung hymns more loudly than any of them. What had happened to the Farrar lads now, she wondered? Changes, changes, changes.

Mrs. Withers had no objection to the present hymn-singers. They may have counted as guests, but they did know their place and didn't presume. Not like some she could point a finger to. Mrs. Withers pursed her lips and turned her eyes to her knitting. Every year the crowd was larger; every year her pride and her sensibilities were more outraged. Foreigners were bad enough. Now it was the council house rabble, mixing with the rest as bold as brass. *And* that lot from the prefabricated.

Meanwhile here was young Master Guy, in his Eton jacket, with pink, washed face, hanging about the kitchen to plague her when he ought to be taking his uncle's place in the grounds. He was the Master's great-nephew; maybe his heir. "You run along, Master Guy," she admonished, "and see about your guests. Mind they keep off the flower beds and don't meddle with what don't belong."

Guy went along. Yes, the crowd was enormous, though there were plenty of familiar faces if you looked for them: the Nesbits, the Ransomes, Harold, Edward and Selina Grahame. He stepped aside to avoid tiresome Jan: he'd been coming for the past five years or so, and was still telling his escape story. ". . so I walked over the frontier and stepped into the jeep: just like that," Guy could hear him saying. Nobody ever knew what he had been escaping from: he didn't seem to know himself. There was Cedric, of course, all curls and black velvet, bowing and smiling to the right and left as he strolled along. It was a habit he had lately acquired. Guy was always having to explain to newcomers what a decent little chap he really was. In any case, there were plenty of genuine costume characters—more than ever this year—chaps in togas or ruffs. But if you listened to them you knew they were just the same as yourself. "What's the grub like here?" "Gosh, I could get yon bird—I mean that bird—in a jiffy if I'd brought my bow."

The grub was, as usual, of the highest quality: cream buns, ham, sardines, strawberries and

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Five year old Tim's adventures at sea, written and illustrated by *Edward Ardizzone*. 9*s*. 6*d*. *net*

Reflections

THE HAPPY LION by *Louise Fatio* (6s 6d) is an endearing picture book, with bold and gaily-coloured illustrations by the Caldecote Award Winner, *Roger Duvoisin.* Two other books for younger children are ELEPHANT BIG AND ELEPHANT LITTLE by *Anita Hewett* (7s 6d, December 12th) ‘a collection of amusing and highly moral cautionary tales’ (T.L.S.), and PETER AND HIS FRIEND TOBY by *Lili Martini* (7s 6d) the everyday adventures of Peter and his bulldog, translated from the German by *Rose Fyleman*.

For older children there is a new *Henry Treece* novel, HOUNDS OF THE KING (9s 6d), an exciting story of the Housecarles, and CIRCUS TRIUMPHANT by *Reginald Taylor* (9s 6d, December 12th), a fascinating reconstruction of the early days of the circus.

Finally, for children of an inquiring nature, there are two new books. For the over 11's, PAWS, HOOFS AND FLIPPERS by *Olive L. Earle* (12s 6d) presents the world of mammals in an entirely novel and fascinating manner, and for the under 10's ALL AROUND YOU by *Jeanne Bendick* (8s 6d) is an attractive science picture book.

from The Bodley Head

cream, blancmange, hard-boiled eggs, pork pies, Eccles cakes, with a choice of cocoa or fizz. There was, as from time immemorial, a special table for the Americans: buckwheat and molasses, dill pickles, waffles and syrup, fricasseed ham, corn on the cob and so forth. Somewhere in that direction, Guy knew, he would find the Schools contingent. They were fewer, it seemed, than they had ever been. Some of the faces Guy knew well; they had appeared time and time again: Pandora Gibbons, Averil Mudge, Mabel Durrant, Rhoda Sutton, Thora Pertwee, Moira Frowle; and in another group—for in the "schools" set, the boys and girls did not mix—Travers Mi., Dashwell, Dottleworth, and Stimson-Forbes. Would they be there another year? They were discussing the matter in anxious but organised little groups—the schools crowd were always very well organised. "One trouble is," Travers was saying, "we can't get enough cads and sneaks for the plot. Those fellows like Loman and Turton can get better jobs today Outside." It was true. In the adult library, they were promoted to being heroes: objects of sympathy and respect. Each had a private psychoanalyst. Life was good for Loman and Turton, Outside.

Guy felt sorry to think that he might be losing the company of these staunch old chums he had known so long. They were dreadfully clannish, of course (he was a governess-boy himself) and the girls were fearfully jealous, and were always uttering little screams, but they did have their codes, and you knew where you were with them. Forbidden playgrounds, for instance. They understood at once anything like that. They always made sure to ask which parts of the estate were out of bounds, and what else was forbidden. Not like the Holiday Adventure crowd, who never even knew when they were doing what they shouldn't.

The Holiday Adventure crowd! Even now cries of Gosh! Golly! Wizard! Supersonic! were floating up from the grotto and the rhododendron grove. Could it be the view they were talking about? Or the statue of the nymph that old Withers had insisted on being moved behind the bushes so long as Sir Guy was away? There were so many of them, too, more every year, all of them, specially the girls, looking healthy but hideous in very worn shorts and shirts. They were all so much alike that it was impossible to try to sort the older lot from the new, except by the kind of gear they brought along—underwater diving stuff, and geiger counters, which they used when they weren't looking for international spies, and upsetting the Diplomatic Service considerably by their well-meant mistakes. Only the previous year one of them claimed to have found a uranium deposit, just under the oak tree, the one that had sheltered King Charles. He was using a home-made device that shrivelled the turf for yards; the tree had never been the same since. Medlock was furious. "If Sir Guy was to come back now. . . ." Then some of the regulars had managed to unearth at least three forgotten wills during the afternoon. They always did this, though it had been strictly forbidden. Sir Guy's solicitor had laid them aside for the moment; he hadn't dealt with the previous batch yet. He wasn't as young as he was, he told his clerk, and after the last communication from Somerset House he didn't feel like approaching the Probate Registry again for a while. Worse than this was the discovery by a particularly energetic little family group, of an avocet's nest, known hitherto only to Peter Scott and Doctor Koch. That had caused more trouble than anything. This year, in spite of Medlock's precautions in the grounds (he had been persuaded not to use spring-guns) and Mrs. Withers's in the house, anything might be expected to happen. Well, almost anything: at least, they had never. . . .

But who were these oldish boys and girls, approaching him with notebooks and a questioning air? Prefects in mufti?

"You see, we're sort of new," said one of the girls in reply to his offer of help, "though we used to come with Schools. We're Careers. I'm Inez—Inez Does Interior Decorating. Mummy made an awful fuss at first, but she doesn't mind now. That's Kirstie—Kirstie Wants to Cook." Inez was a slim slip of a girl with wide grey eyes that *would* crinkle up at the corners when she smiled, and an absurd little turned-up nose. A dimple on each side of her generous mouth saved her face from looking too sober. Kirstie, too, was a slim slip of a girl with wide grey eyes that *would* crinkle up at the corners when she smiled, and an absurd little turned-up nose. "That's Leonard," continued Inez, "Leonard Chooses Law. Those are Claude, Courier; and Cyril, Psychoanalyst. Leonard wants to know—"

Leonard wanted to know if the Grange had been affected by the Land and Property Act of 1925. What about the entail? Guy answered suitably. He had never, himself, been entirely satisfied about the matter.

Kirstie wanted to study the sandwiches.

Cyril wanted to know who lived on the other side of the wall. He'd seen some faces peering over.

"Oh!" said Guy a little hastily. He had been afraid of this. "Don't worry about them. That's the James crowd—Maisie, Nanda, Miles and Flora, and Morgan and some others. They don't mix with us, and we're not supposed to know about them."

"Don't they ever come to the party?"

"Oh, no!" Guy was appalled. "They're on the other side. They're always with grown-ups. I don't think they've even heard of any of us. And we're not supposed to have heard of them. It's to do with something they know."

"Something they know?"

Inez, who had only recently ceased being a prefect, blushed.

Leonard wondered if it had anything to do with Sir Guy being away. Perhaps, indeed, it had!

But Cyril had already started up the wall.

"Stop!" shouted Guy. "You can never come back here, you know."

It was too late. He had slipped over the wall to find out what Miles, Morgan and Maisie knew.

The party, for Cyril at least, was over. He could never come back into circulation, of course. But who can tell what the fun was like on the other side?

NAOMI LEWIS

Thumbsize Poetry

The Oxford Nursery Rhyme Book. Assembled by IONA and PETER OPIE. *Oxford.* 21*s.*

Iona and Peter Opie have made a delightful corner for themselves in that nonsense-cum-poetry which is every child's first contact with its own literature. Is it really useful to collect and print the hundreds of nonsense and near-nonsense rhymes and jingles which are passed down from mother to baby, generation by generation, without recourse to textbooks? Yes, it is; more useful now than ever before, and for a curious reason. In the days before radio, nursery amusement depended on mothers' or nurses' memory, and on children's rhyme books, made attractive with woodcuts or, later, coloured pictures. Even the humblest home had a fairly extensive repertory, and we can all remember our mothers knowing a great many more verses by heart than we can manage today. But the B.B.C.'s *Listen with Mother* programme has put an easy end to all that. The same few nursery rhymes, on the same records, have been played almost daily for years; and soon, if it were not for the Opies and their army of correspondents, these would be the only rhymes to survive—outside learned collections, of course, which are of no possible interest to the nursery.

The Opies have already made their learned offering, in their *Oxford Dictionary of Nursery Rhymes,* published in 1951—a noble successor to Halliwell's *The Nursery Rhymes of England* of a hundred years earlier, and almost as full of notes, references, sources and variants as the most captious pedant could desire. In the Dictionary you may look up *Billy, My Son* and find out how nearly related he is to Lord Randal, who in turn may have been that Earl of Murray who came to a bad end at Musselburgh in 1332; or be pleased or disappointed, according to your temperament, to learn that that ambiguous "little husband, no bigger than my thumb," so popular in psychoanalytical circles, may indeed have commemorated the real Tom Thumb, or on the other hand may have come quite blamelessly out of a finger-trotting rhyme about a pony.

The purpose of the new volume is quite different. It aims simply at preserving all the known (or at least current) nursery rhymes in their fullest version, for use, not reference; it is to be the mothers' and babies' handbook, a *Baby's Opera* and *Parent's Assistant* rolled into one, for the enrichment of our hygienic and sometimes too sterile and sensible nursery life. Mothers who dip into it will have their memories refreshed, their repertoire extended; they will remember all sorts of soothing jingles that their own mothers taught them, which have fallen out of use because the B.B.C. doesn't happen to have them on a record. Babies are supposed to use it, too, and surely will, for the Opies, having discovered by experience that a page of plain print is invariably passed over by a small child with the comment, "Nothing on that page," have provided almost every rhyme with its picture. Most of these are wood engravings from chapbooks and toy books of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries; they fit the matter to perfection; nothing could better illustrate the Country Songs section than Bewick's tiny masterpieces, and the hard-favoured pussycats of the Mother Hubbard era have just that blend of innocence and crudity which the nursery rhyme requires. Those illustrations which are not from early sources have been done by Miss Joan Hassall, who can be at once delicate and comical, and whose sense of period is so nice that she has been obliged to put private signs in her two Mother Hubbard illustrations, to distinguish them from the rest, which are about 1820 vintage.

The illustrations are so important a part of the book that it is a pity an index has not somehow been devised for them. There is a list of sources, but this works only one way; you can discover, for instance, that Bewick's *History of British Birds* has been tapped, and *Tommy Thumb's Song Book*, and which of the illustrations have been

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The Day of the Dingo
JOHN KIDDELL

Redda, a red dog, tired and ill, finds his way to Gumbarumba in the Australian Bush. He is received with suspicion by the inhabitants, with the exception of Kristopher the Koala Bear, who fear he may be a spy for the hated Dingo pack, the enemies of them all. But he proves a trustworthy ally when the Dingo pack make their raid. Illustrated by Neave Parker

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Annette Dancy, with the aid of 'dancer's luck' and single-mindedness, steps into the chief role of the new ballet, *La Sylphide*, in this story of a ballet-company on a tour beginning in London and ending at the Skye Gathering Ball in faraway Portree. In it we meet all those in *Dancing Peel*, and some exciting newcomers. Illustrated by Esmé Verity

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Caroline Meldrum is left two things by her father on his death; Caroline House, turned into a cheap lodging-house, barely paying its rates and taxes, and a small and beautiful model ship, the *Savannah Breeze*. How she manages to sell the white elephant of Caroline House with the aid of the model ship makes an intriguing story. Illustrated by Robert Hodgson

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GEE DENES devised, and LADY KITTY RITSON wrote this new *Jennifer* book which describes the forming of a pony club and also includes a visit to the Royal Mews, as well as to Imber Court, where police horses are trained. Here the children meet Winston, the Queen's mount at the Trooping of the Colour. Photographs in brilliant colour and in black and white. 6s

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has written two more titles in his new series about the children of One Tree Hill Estate—*Susan, Bill and the Vanishing Boy*, and *Susan, Bill and the Golden Clock*. 'Ma'colm Saville', says *The Children's Newspaper*, 'has magic in his pen'. *each 3s 6d*

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PAMELA BROWN

Pamela Brown has written a fictional life of Louisa M. Alcott, author of *Little Women*, with whom she has much in common. Both were early attracted to the stage and both published books whilst in their 'teens. Although an entirely new venture for Pamela Brown it will be readily welcomed by her admirers—and by those of *Little Women*. Illustrated by Sax *8s 6d*

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JONATHAN CAPE

taken from them; but if a particular picture takes your fancy there is no way, short of going through the page references in the list from beginning to end, of finding out where it comes from. It also strikes one as a lack that there is no list of the illustrations by Miss Hassall; since her work contributes so much to the pleasure and character of the book, this seems a little niggardly.

Without a large collection of this kind to go through at leisure, one is apt to forget how beautiful nursery rhymes can be; they are nearly all residues of something else—ballads, popular songs, squibs, riddles, counting games, rounds and the like—but many of them are very close to poetry. In such a rhyme as this it is hard to draw any line—

> The hart he loves the high wood,
>   The hare she loves the hill;
> The knight he loves his bright sword,
>   The lady loves her will,

and difficult to say why, unless there is poetry in it, there is such an odd touch of nightmare about this one—

> I went to Noke
> But nobody spoke;
> I went to Thame,
> It was just the same;
> Burford and Brill
> Were silent and still,
> But I went to Beckley
> And they spoke directly.

It might very well have been written by Mr. de la Mare.

This handsome omnibus is certainly my Christmas choice for anyone with small children who deserves having a guinea spent on the family. Better still, it could be given, together with Mrs. Beeton, as a nicely apt and settling sort of wedding present.

MARGARET LANE

Phooo-ooo-oof!

Kemlo and the Star Men. By E. C. ELIOTT. *Nelson.* 5*s.*

Mission to Mars. By PATRICK MOORE. *Burke.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Top Secret. By ELINOR M. BRENT-DYER. *Chambers.* 6*s.*

Susan's Stormy Term. By NANCY MOSS. *Chambers.* 6*s.*

A swiftish glance at this year's books for young persons shows that Space has triumphed in popularity over Ponies. Almost anything, even Space, is preferable to reading about a trimly bejodhpurred Gloria sousing her tack with neat's-foot oil in the harness-room, coming a purler at the cut-and-laid but clearing the ditch-and-rails, and finally cantering home, with Fanfare's hocks a-lather, clutching the Marlingham Novices Cup presented by the Hon. Mrs. Tregunter-Jones.

In *Kemlo and the Star Men* we find ourselves on Satellite Belt K (motto: Pause and ponder), complete with space-born inhabitants, games-room, and a resident band in the concert hall. Kemlo takes the juvenile Krillie (voice just broken) on the Space Scouts' sky patrol: speed, 28,000 m.p.h. Before zooming down the ramp and through the exit chute, Kemlo waits, naturally, until the magnetised gravity ray is being fed through the launching-base. Then he ejects his stabilisers (well, wouldn't you?) and feeds the powerful holding rays in a cloudy veil round the craft; conversation, however, remains entirely earthy ("Don't be daft!"). Landing on a star gives Krillie a "fluttery feeling in his tummy," for which Kemlo reprimands him ("You're cross with me"). They collect a handful of unlovely organisms ("Brr!") for the specimen box, and the atmosphere is eerie: "I'm beginning to wish I were back in my cubicle reading Shakespeare. The Bard has a word for everything." Yes, indeed. Suddenly, an elaborate orange saucer twirls into view, lands, opens its sliding doors and lowers its ramp. For a time we pause and ponder. What will appear ("S'pose it's—*things*!")? Egg-shaped Martian robots lumber out ("Oooh—look!"), and a radiotronic report is made to Satellite K ("Is the Duty Officer there, please?"). An extra large robot teeters forth ("Ooh—isn't he big!") and is inclined to wave his antennae and make trouble, but all is set to rights, fruit juice is swigged, the Balbo Emrich rescue team shows up, and the Chief Elder ("awesome") creates a number of honorary Star Men. Personally, I'm staying right here in dear old Bury St. Edmunds.

Compared with all this, *Mission to Mars* is like a simple bicycle outing to Hemel Hempstead. Slimly built sixteen-year-old Maurice Gray, arrives in Woomera to find Sir Robert Lanner ("ice-cold eyes") and Dr. Mellor ("vice-like grip"), but not his uncle, Professor Yorke, who is stranded on Mars with a buckled rocket ("Phoof!"). Volunteers attempt a rescue ("Blast-off's timed for 7.30. Feel nervy?"). Maurice conks out at blast-off ("Did I let you down?") but is soon sitting up and spluttering "Ph-oof!". Then he clambers into magnetic boots and nips outside to rectify the distance register, jammed at blast-off ("Phoof!"). Bruce, negligent about his space suit motor, floats off and Maurice saves him ("a pretty good show"), faints, comes to, and smartly records another "Phoof!". Nearing Mars, Maurice dozes off ("Phoof! I was dead away, and no mistake"), the rocket bursts through the Violet Layer, which is not a stratum of especially scrumptious chocs., and makes a heavy landing on a reddish-ochre plain ("Ph-oof!"). Nothing very much happens and there are no Martians ("It's rather a pity but there it is"). There is a dust-storm ("Poof! I didn't bargain for this"), a tiring walk ("Phoof!"), quicksands ("Poof!"), a largish animal with red hair and scales ("This will give our biologists a shock, and no mistake"), and a huge bat with green eyes ("Whoa, Horace!"). The stranded scientists are found and Maurice phoofs his way back through the Violet Layer. Prior to this jaunt, there has been, in 1966, a landing on the Moon: "the whole thing went without a hitch from start to finish." Phooo-ooo-oof!

In *Top Secret*, courageous Peregrine ("Hawk") Chudleigh is on his way to the Annie-Elsie dam in Queensland with some high-grade blueprints and formulae secreted about his person. He avoids a poison-gas attack on board, is blown up, shipwrecked, marooned, found by hirelings of another Power and given the bastinado ("You cowardly brutes! Stop it at once!"), more bastinado ("Chuck it, you beast"), and yet more bastinado ("I used to think you were quite a decent chap when we were at College"). Just as the octogenarian Miss Penrose's eyes are about to be put out, help arrives. In the resultant *mêlée*, the bastinadoer is ruptured and all this time the formulae have been sensibly transferred to the public postal services.

Miss Brent-Dyer is a mistress of *phrases justes* and cheery slang, her characters taking a trick on the bridge, having a spot of shut-eye, coming a cropper, doing things pronto, running a bit of a temp, and summing up threatening weather with "We're in for a snorter or I'm a Dutchman." Freda Penrose even knows the way to invite a "dainty little Jersey cow" to disgorge (or could it be disudder?) its milk: "Co-oop! Soh, lass-soh!". Quite a spirited tale for a young reader who is verbally flinchproof.

Devotees of schoolgirl literature may care to attempt a context of the following stirring passage:

> Her arm, which Irene had gripped, was dropped as if it had become suddenly red-hot. There was a deadly silence. Then Irene spoke. Her voice was thick.
>
> "Are you daring to accuse the head girl of the school?"
>
> Susan was pale, and her lips quivered slightly, but she spoke without faltering.
>
> "Yes, I am, because I saw what you did. So did my friends."
>
> "How dare you?" breathed out Irene, passionate with anger. "*How dare you!*"

Middle-period Angela Brazil, you think? Vintage Winifred Darch? Dorita Fairlie Bruce? Early

May Wynne? It is none of these delightful things, but current Nancy Moss, who, with *Susan's Stormy Term*, strengthens the splendid impression she made last year with *The School on the Precipice.* Miss Moss is in the real tradition.

Irene Fletcher is indeed head girl but skilfully doubles it with leadership of the Black Sheep society (associate members: Annette Ledoux, Felicity Ulston, Monica Martineau). Their desperate aim is to "put the kybosh on Maud Draper and her precious hockey team." Trouncing other teams might lead to compulsory games, and then "we shouldn't have the chance of doing the exciting things we've all got planned out for the spring." So Irene keeps key players in detention and Felicity removes the brake-blocks from Bertha Marston's bicycle, the outside-right having an unenviable ride down Corkscrew Hill (1 in 3). Horrid things go on in attics:

> "Well, this is my answer—look!" With a fierce, brutal movement, she lifted Bertha bodily up by the strap and swung her to the window. She was a very strongly built girl and she moved Bertha almost effortlessly.

However, in the end, hockey is firmly established (centre-forward: Elsie Gordon), and even chess, with Susan Savage playing a dashing game at fifth board. There are many other pleasures: walks ("The downs look swish for a ramble"), a fire-alarm ("The girls rushed headlong for the exits"), the Headmistress's brother ("He's up to some mischief in that cave, I'll be bound"), Madame Roaul's hair-dos ("very charming and a real artist"), girls called Mavis Moorhead, Alerdyce Bell, Cora Wimbore, Lola Consett, a frantic wag known as "Carrots" Carew ("Cheery-buzz-fuzz"), and a skewbald quadruped which "lips interestedly" at Susan's clothes ("He's only saying how-d'you-do"). Drama and passionate feuds abound. It is my belief that girls much prefer this kind of thing to endless descriptions of those frightful gymkhanas.

ARTHUR MARSHALL

Mixed Pleasures

The Flower Show. By ALISON UTTLEY. *Heinemann.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

Sam Pig and the Singing Gate. By ALISON UTTLEY. *Faber.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Carbonel. By BARBARA SLEIGH. *Parrish.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Far and Away the Best. By GERARD HYDE. *Bles.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

The Borrowers Afield. By MARY NORTON. *Dent.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Minnow on the Say. By A. PHILIPPA PEARCE. *Oxford.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Little Bookroom. By ELEANOR FARJEON. *Oxford.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Every year about a thousand children's books are published. To the conscientious reviewer it is painfully evident that by far the greater part of them are but the gallant attempts of amateurs. Having successfully captured the attention of their own audience at bed-time (not a very difficult task), they rush into print in the hope that they may prove as popular elsewhere. And as it happens this is quite a rational point of view. Children are practically omnivorous, and all is grist that comes to their insatiable mill. But it can't be expected to satisfy discerning parents. They may demand for their children books that are imaginative without being pernicious, written in English that pays some little regard to the rules of grammar, and not likely, in later years, to discourage a sensitive appreciation of the delights of adult literature. But even this modest request is very rarely met; and the good children's book is as hard to come by, and for the same reasons, as the good novel. Almost anyone, these days, can put pen to paper; but the essential qualities of perception, structure and control are still denied to all but the few.

But if the search for a genuine masterpiece is not often rewarded, we do find a limited amount of good and competent work. In this category

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Sir Arthur Grimble

"Every boy (and every girl) should be given the opportunity of reading the incredible and delightful stories."—*The London Head Teacher.*

"His pages are enlivened with a gleaming humour which enhances the book's overwhelming attraction."—*Daily Telegraph.*

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Gwen White

"(The) author of this lucid book on a problem which baffles beginners and sometimes trips up professionals has evolved an ingenious way of demonstrating the underlying perspective lines of a landscape drawing."—*The Studio.*

With coloured and other illustrations. 15s. net.

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Michael Elder

A story based on the life of two members of a provincial Repertory Theatre Company. The author has worked at the Citizen's Theatre, Glasgow, and at the Gateway, Edinburgh; and is at present at the Pitlochry Festival. "You will learn a great deal of what goes on behind the scenes."—*Daily Dispatch.*

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Martha Alexander

"Many practical books have, of course, been published on all aspects of production, but this one is probably unique in dealing with the bridging of the gulf between amateur and professional, and also because of its colloquial and interesting way of presenting technical facts."—*Theatre World.*

With Illustrations. 9s. 6d. net.

JOHN MURRAY

BOOKS
For Boys and Girls

The River Boy
THERESA WHISTLER

Nathaniel meets his own reflection in the water—a "river boy"—and with him explores an enchanted countryside.

'**Steeped in a magical charm.** She writes like a combination of Walter de la Mare and Kenneth Grahame; and if I had my way this would be the most loved book of its kind since *The Wind in the Willows.*'
JOHN CONNELL in the EVENING NEWS

With drawings by the author. *12s. 6d.*

The Lost Glacier
SHOWELL STYLES

'**A story based on mountain climbing** was a good idea, and Mr. Styles's plot has the merit of being different from the run of adventure fiction.'
11s. 6d. TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

Switch on the Night
RAY BRADBURY

Not juvenile science-fiction, which one might have expected from Ray Bradbury; the little boy in this book "who doesn't like the night" is a familiar figure to us all. There are full-page illustrations in colour by Madeleine Gekiere.

Published on November 25. *8s. 6d.*

And a new series . . .
THE ADVENTURE LIBRARY
Elephant Bill *by* J. H. WILLIAMS

This pocket edition of a famous book will please many young readers. *Illus.* *10s. 6d.*

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YOU WILL PROBABLY remember reading the Nesbit books—the adventures of the lovable Bastable family and of the five children who met a Psammead with such surprising (and disastrous) results. E. Nesbit's books are still as alive as ever: children are having the same escapades, misunderstandings and daydreams as her children had (although, it must be admitted, *her* children did manage to have quite exceptionally splendid adventures!).

The Treasure Seekers	7*s.* 6*d.*
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AN EXCITING ADVENTURE story of two East End boys on a canal barge.
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Ernest Benn
FLEET STREET · LONDON · EC4

can be placed the books of Mrs. Uttley, a prolific writer of stories for the 5-6 years old group. Parents, and very young children, have long since learnt to rely on her; and they will not be let down by *The Flower Show,* the latest addition to the Little Brown Mouse books, nor by *Sam Pig and The Singing Gate.* The former recounts the adventures of Snug and Serena, the field mice, who attend a grown-up flower show to which they were not invited. The latter is a collection of short stories about the little pig on the farm. The illustrations to both these books are good.

Carbonel (7-9-year olds) is a charming and entirely satisfactory story, guaranteed to entertain —in the best sense of that word—both parents and children. It is well written and full of humorous situations pleasantly exploited. As the author does not forget for whom she is writing, there are no tiresome asides to make the child yawn and the parent squirm. Carbonel, as a royal kitten, had the misfortune to be stolen by a witch. When the old creature retires and sells off her stock in trade, she refuses to release him. The children gradually acquire her magic properties, perform the necessary rites, and the cat is happily restored to his kingdom.

I could not make head or tail of *Far and Away the Best* until it struck me that I must be reading one of those oddities, a surrealist children's book. Like last sparks from a dying bonfire they serve only to remind us of the blaze that has vanished. It is the lot of If, Why and Because (not to mention Once, or Twice), the children in this book, to endure many manifestos, puns and non-sequiturs of a type familiar to students of *transition.* Add to this the prancings of a nightmare and magic that is disconcertingly bumpy, and all are assured of a very rough read.

The Borrowers Afield (8-11 age group) is in a class by itself. Miss Norton's microscopic eye follows her little people from the moment they fly from their home under the kitchen floor boards of one house to eventual shelter in the wainscoting of another. They have to cross many hundreds of yards of dangerous English countryside, a journey of epic quality made memorable not only by constant and fascinating alarms and excursions, but also by the resource and endurance with which each crisis is countered. Not that they come through it all quite unscathed. But Pod, Homily and Arriety, with some assistance from the wild Spiller (a charmer, if ever there was one), get by, and we are left to hope that we shall hear more of them in books to come. Acuteness of observation, a gift for natural and humorous dialogue and a poetic quality in the descriptive passages put Miss Norton among the very best writers of books for children.

Only less general in its appeal is *Minnow on the Say* which is intended for boys of a practical turn of mind aged ten to fourteen. What need of magic if a flood brings you a canoe, and the canoe brings you treasure? David and his friend Adam paddle in the Minnow from one clue to another. They are kept very busy for it is the nature of clues, and part of their charm, that their effect is cumulative rather than sharp and sudden. Although harassed by well meaning grown-ups and disturbed by a shifty villain, the boys stick nobly to the job, and the treasure is found. Miss Pearce, whose first book this is, must be considered a real find. She writes well, the story is exciting, the detection smooth, and she reveals an understanding of boys that is far from common.

Mrs. Farjeon, whose writing for children needs no new appraisal, has brought together in *The Little Bookroom* a number of short stories some of which have not previously appeared. If her approach is just a little old-fashioned and nostalgic, and seems to hark back to a former age, these tales are delightfully and simply told. For the modern child, aged eight to ten, who has surfeited on a diet of space ships and those horrid, articulated machine-monsters that now people the solar system, her book should act as a corrective of a mild and pleasant nature. The value of these last two books is enhanced by the charming illustrations of Mr. Ardizzone.

RICHARD STRACHEY

Yarns

The Great House of Estraville. By VIOLET NEEDHAM. *Collins.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Caroline House. By ELIZABETH KYLE. *Nelson.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Spades and Feathers. By TYLER WHITTLE. *Cape.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

The Treasure of the Mountain. By PATRICIA BROOKS. *Dent.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

All Aboard for Freedom! By MARIE MCSWIGAN. *Dent.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

How Many Miles to Cyprus? By ERIC ALLEN. *Methuen.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Smugglers Cove. By MARIANNE MACDONALD. *Macmillan.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Rough Water Brown. By HENRY GARNETT. *Bodley Head.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The Whale Hunters. By GEOFFREY WHITTAM. *Bell.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Barrier Reef Espionage. By JOHN GUNN. *Lutterworth.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

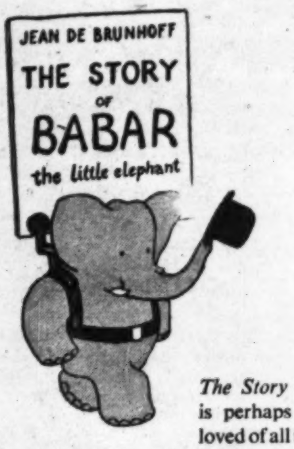
Underwater Adventure. By WILLARD PRICE. *Cape.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Most of the books in the present selection of current "juveniles" are concerned, in one way or another, with searching for lost treasure. Their intrepid heroes and heroines, unlike their elders, do not wait for their Godot—they go and find it. Up the ruined tower they scramble, through the overgrown grave-yard, over the moors and under the sea—and in the end they always get it. Is this, one wonders, a legacy from *Treasure Island,* or a preparation for the pools? The difference, perhaps, is only in the quality of the writing; and while most of these writers are competent, none of them is a Stevenson. One has to look far for the individualising touch—the situation, the character, the style that is different.

Miss Violet Needham captures her readers' imagination with careful and detailed description, fresh characterisation, and a tone of sincerity. She does not condescend: on the contrary, the vocabulary is unaffectedly adult. Her latest story is of a treasure-hunt, and just a little stereotyped; and there is more than a touch of sentimentality. But *The Great House of Estraville* is good reading, especially for girls aged 10 to 13. The illustrations are unworthy.

Caroline House will appeal to slightly older girls—in fact, a teenagers' romance, with the restoration of the heroine's fallen fortunes as its subject. The background is Glasgow; the narrative, solidly built up, is liberally peppered with Scottish expressions and canny humour. The illustrations are adequate, but slick. Hidden treasure, with a background of bird-watching, historical research, and boating on the Norfolk Broads, is the theme of a most fascinating adventure story, *Spades and Feathers.* This should have its strongest appeal among Mr. Arthur Ransome's public. A well-written book, nicely illustrated and pleasant to handle. In *The Treasure of the Mountain* the treasure seems less probable than the mountains, which are those of North Wales. This is a boys' story, and no tiresome young sisters crop up to spoil the manly atmosphere of climbing, camping, and strange oaths. There are some agreeable line-drawings.

The escape of child refugees by stolen train from Communist Czechoslovakia to the U.S. zone of Germany ought to make an exciting story. In *All Aboard for Freedom!,* however, the style is so awkwardly American, the political propaganda—both pro-American and anti-Communist—so crude and out-of-place, and the whole business so humourless that the story is largely wasted. The line-drawings are good. No political issues darken the atmosphere of *How Many Miles to Cyprus?,* although the villain is a local bandit wanted for shooting a British policeman. The plot, however, is only incidental to a book whose main interest is its background of Cyprian life—warm, leisurely, picturesque. As the blurb puts it, "The descriptions of scene and incident are



The Story of Babar is perhaps the best loved of all the Babar books since it first introduced the little elephant to English children. Now it is available in a smaller format (10¾ x 7½), still in full colour, in the Baby Babar series. **7s 6d**

Percy M. Young, musician and author of several books on music, has contributed *Instrumental Music* to the famous *Methuen's Outlines*. These books constitute a Reference Library for boys and girls, and with their lucid text and illustrations are splendid both as gifts and for the school library. Other new volumes include *Guns* by S. E. Ellacott, and *Opening Africa* by L. F. Hobley. Each, **8s 6d**

'A delightful book which also provides occupation and proves an instant success, particularly with little girls,' said the *Nursery World*. This is a gay novelty book, *Playing at Home* by Enid Blyton and Sabine Schweitzer. The pages of the book are the rooms of a house, and cardboard figures of a little family are provided to move about as their adventures are told in Enid Blyton's story. **8s 6d**

Methuen

Air-guns and Air-Pistols

By L. Wesley. The first book to be published devoted solely to air-weapons. Its aim is to give essential information to all enthusiasts from the schoolboy owning a junior air-gun to the adult interested in high-pressure pneumatic rifles.
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By Lt.-Col. Oreste Pinto. A book on the art of being a secret agent which will thrill any boy who fancies himself the hero of a cloak and dagger story. 8/6 *net*

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A fine story *by Douglas Duff* of the adventures of a boy who is deputed by his dying father to regain from its secret hiding place in the Far East the Singing Cloak, famous since ancient times for its power to kill anyone who came too close to its wearer.
Crown 8*vo.,* 160 *pp.* 7/6 *net*

CASSELL

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★ TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT—" Excellent writing . . . an individual, lively and highly readable story." *With drawings.* 10/6

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★ TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT—" A brave little girl again and again outwits a delightfully gullible wolf. Gentle pictures make this an attractive book." 8/6

Dib Dib & the Red Indians
written and illustrated by
NORMAN MOMMENS

★ TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT—" Dib Dib is a duck that could swim and fly better than all the other ducks . . . The drawings are cheeky, confident and full of fun." 8/6

Crocodile Tears
written and illustrated by
ANDRÉ FRANÇOIS

A witty story in simple English and French, with pictures in colour by the author—the *Punch* and *New Yorker* artist—on every page. 8/6 both vivid and colourful." *Smugglers Cove* is a fair-to-middling adventure story with a North American setting. The interest is strongly equestrian, and anyone who is tempted by the title may justifiably wonder when the writer will cut the horses and come to the smuggling. If he persists, however, he will not be disappointed.

Rough Water Brown is a story with an unusual historical background—life on the River Severn during the 1850s, when it was still a part of the canal system under severe competition from the railways. This well-written and vigorously illustrated book has human as well as historical interest, and should appeal strongly to boys between 11 and 15 years old. Of similar appeal is *The Whale Hunters*, a straightforward, conscientiously told tale of Arctic adventure in the 18th century and later. It keeps its hold on the imagination by authentic information and adequate characterisation, rather than by sensationalism and over-writing. The drawings are a skilful commentary on the text. *Barrier Reef Espionage*, on the other hand, is a highly sensational affair, in which the protagonists fall in and out of ships and seaplanes with the most manly abandon. The author's personal experience ensures that nautical and aeronautical details are correct.

Nearly eighty years have elapsed since the publication of *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea*, and although Verne's classic of science fiction has been surpassed in technical interest, the spell it has laid upon boys' books has lost none of its power.

> Lord, Lord! methought, what pain it was to drown!
> What dreadful noise of waters in mine ears!
> What ugly sights of death within mine eyes!
> Methought I saw a thousand fearful wracks;
> Ten thousand men that fishes gnawed upon;
> Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
> Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
> All scattered in the bottom of the sea....

In Mr. Willard Price's latest scientific romance, *Underwater Adventure*, the heroes do actually discover a sunken galleon; but this is by no means the greatest of the thrills with which this most readable tale is packed. The writing is vivid, but not without the clichés which seem inseparable from science fiction, however scientific.

James Reeves

12 to 16

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Oxford Junior Encyclopaedia. Vol. XI. **The Home.** *Oxford.* 30*s.*

The Boys' Country Book. Edited by John Moore. *Collins.* 15*s.*

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Motor Racing. By Bruce Carter and Michael Frostick. *Bodley Head.* 10*s.*

The World's Show Jumpers. By Pamela Macgregor-Morris. *Macdonald.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The World's Warships. By Raymond V. B. Blackman. *Macdonald.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Mathematics for the Million had a phenomenal success because it treated simply a most complicated subject. On this basis the further simplification of *Man Must Measure*, a book of mathematics for children, should reap a like reward. Professor Hogben himself is the man to work out the precise degree of the fresh benefit. And if he can't I can recommend him his own book. It is written in a simple, lucid style, the chapter headings are alliteratively and memorably titled (" Taxes and Triangles," " Stars and Steering " etc.), and the illustrations—maps, diagrams and pictures—are not only lavish and ingeniously to the point, they are also bright and exciting in their own right. This book cannot fail to enthrall a child, and at the same time instruct it. If a glint of rebellion comes from it, the dreadful warning on page 41, where 123 is multiplied by 165 in Roman numerals, should set the child safely back on the straight and narrow. No need to point out that it was Roman *slaves* who did the calculating then.

Less successful in its aim is Dr. Sherwood Taylor's volume. 'The book of the lectures' is a formidable thought, even with any as well attended as was Dr. Taylor's 1953 series at the Royal Institution. But at that time the lectures were accompanied by experiments that " were demonstrated in a fashion as near as possible to that of their originators." Unfortunately illustrations don't really overcome the lack of practical demonstrations, whatever artistic merits are claimed for them. However, as a simple, popular but accurate, account of the development of science from ancient Greece to modern times the book fulfils a purpose. One is struck by the lash-up models used in experiments that were to result in immense discoveries. Galileo's chain, crude piston and weight arrangement designed to prove that such a thing as a vacuum *could* exist, or Faraday's home-made early electromagnet—these both shame and exhilarate us. These are the gadgets we make ourselves.

The eleventh and last volume to be published in the *Oxford Junior Encyclopaedia* deals with the home. An index and ready reference will complete the series, though each book badly needs an index of its own. This work, since it is limited to the home, may be considered, without offending equality of the sex's blue-stockings, a book that girls will take from the shelves more often than boys. The sections on clothes, kitchen equipment, and furnishings, historically interesting though they unquestionably may be, are in any case more likely to fall into a girl's immediate knowledge. Others on the history of houses, insurance and household plumbing can reasonably be equally, if not predominantly, the male's domain. Unfortunately the style and manner of presentation is disastrously dull and pedestrian.

Unevenness in quality, rather than uniformity of dullness, is the fault that mars *The Boys' Country Book*. Some of the pieces seem dashed off in an anything-will-do-for-the-children manner. The subject-matter itself is rich and varied. The book is divided into sections which touch in turn on living and touring in the open; with particular aspects of the Great Outdoors such as mountains, rivers, sea and air; with ways of " Looking at things " which includes a brief interesting article on exploring islands; with birds, beasts and flowers; and, finally, with field sports. The editor, Mr. John Moore, is guilty of more than his share of loose unrewarding writing; Mr. Hugh Stoker on " Lightweight Camping " and Mr. Ronald Kaulback on " Underwater Fishing " could give him points. On the whole the book has really attempted to cover too much ground: 38 articles in 350-odd pages is crowding it a bit fine. I think that longer and more informative articles on more carefully selected subjects would have paid dividends. So too with *The Wonder Book of Motors*. The various sections have merits, but tend to be sketchy. And though the paper is of better quality than that of *Motor Racing* the standard of photographic reproduction is inferior. The latter volume contains abundant detail on its subject including diagrams of all the important motor-racing courses. *The World's Show Jumpers*—and *Warships*—are both undoubtedly assured of their markets. Warships lend themselves more readily to this type of book than horses, but then, grace and beauty always tell in the long run.

Anthony Harker

Picture-Books

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Not many of the books being churned out for children, alas, come up to these specifications. Babars and Orlandos are rare indeed. Still, this year there are three worth-while animal capers. *The Happy Lion* is the best, a lion so entrancing that it is impossible not to begin the book all over again the moment the last page is reached.

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LUTTERWORTH

Crocodile Tears is good-tempered nonsense in the Belloc Bad Beasts manner, with captions in English and French. The animals of the late Walter Trier could not be more engaging. Charmingly coloured, they swarm over every page of *The Animals' Conference*, a rather thoughtful juvenile political satire, in which Erich Kastner is almost embarrassingly on the children's side. These books are for all ages of children. For round about ten-plus there are four stories about children of other countries: *Pepe Moreno*, about a Spanish shoe-shine boy; the American *Melissa Ann*, a demure account of a New England family in the 1820s; *The Little Wooden Shoes*, about French village children; and *Deep in the Forest*, whose heroine is Katinka, a non-Soviet poppet in one of those big, mysterious Slav woods, a Goldilocks in reverse. Alison Uttley, Racey Helps, Diana Ross and Elizabeth Chapman have given us new instalments of their popular nursery sagas in *The Mouse Telegrams*, *Two's Company*, *The Little Red Engine Goes Travelling* and *Riding with Marmaduke*. Engines have not yet ousted mice as heroes: it is neck and neck.

The most original of the illustrations are the work of continental artists. We must presume that English publishers, alarmed at the rising cost of printing, fear to take a chance with original English work, for there certainly is no dearth of excellent native talent. Can our publishers be losing their self-confidence, like those wallpaper manufacturers who cling stubbornly to embossed lincrusta, insisting that the public prefer it that way, and only stock original designs by non-British designers? It gives them a handy get-out. "Foreign" they can always say to counter the glassy stare. For my part, I believe the British public has better taste than it is credited with, and that it is high time we let the dog see the rabbit. Why, for instance, were not better artists enlisted in the preparation of *The B.B.C. Children's Annual*, which has good stories, games, cut-outs, nature and science articles and so on? This could have been a contemporary *St. Nicholas*. The illustrations, however, even the photographs, are mainly smudgy or sloppy. Shame!

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Books are expensive, but the most expensive are by no means always the best. Unlike the palmy days of the war when books sold like hot cakes, there are so many other things to give children at Christmas now. Therefore, books ought to be better, brighter and cheaper if they are to tempt the impoverished intelligentsia who really can't afford to buy, and the better-off working-class, who will otherwise go on squandering their earnings on plastic space-ship outfits and horror comics. Novelty books should help to bridge the gap. *The Yuletide Cottage* is a charming and well-devised cut-out; *Playing at Home* is a snug suburban house with a snug suburban, slightly robot family and everything *en suite*, for suburban tots to cut out and stick in their rightful place: couldn't hurt a fly. *Pilgrim's Progress* is Bunyan's story contrived as a beautiful and dignified theatre tableau, with an ingenious window to open on to a new episode for each day of December till Christmas. Top marks to Hamish Hamilton for this admirable effort, and everybody please note that the price is only half-a-crown.

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Animals All. By PETER SKELTON. *Harvill.* 15*s.*

Elephant Big and Elephant Little. By ANITA HEWETT. *Bodley Head.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Harriet and Her Harmonium. By ALAN LOMAX. *Faber.* 15*s.*

One reason why a really good fairy tale always rings the bell is that it combines toughness and tenderness, so that both these qualities are evoked in the reader, whether grown-up or child. A book without toughness is boring and embarrassing, without tenderness hurtful and inhuman. The right mixture is difficult, but great children's books, those that influence their thousands as fundamentally as *Kapital* or *Mein Kampf*, have it. Our thinking is influenced by *Alice* because of intellectual toughness in spite of an over-ripely tender approach to childhood. Mrs. Nesbit at her best had it superbly. Very few of this list quite make it, though those who have already found themselves in Moominland, will be delighted at a further exploration in *Moominsummer Madness*. Don't start on this one, though: go right back to the beginning where Tove Jansson (probably a relation of the slithy tove that gyred and gimbled—she is an expert gimbler) conjured her trollish creatures out of the deep woods of Finland where such things still lurk. But if you know them already—any age from seven to seventy—go on from here.

Joan Aiken's magic stories have the right mixture. One believes immediately in the very straightforward premises—the Perrow family, perfectly normal except that none of them is more than six inches high, the room rustling with the golden leaves of the family tree, Mr. Armitage turned into a ladybird but managing to remain an esteemed Chairman. Such situations are worked out in *More Than You Bargained For*, in distinguished and sometimes beautiful writing, and always in a framework of logic. The pictures couldn't be better.

I find Patricia Lynch's Irish stories a little too sweet. One longs for the toughness which is in all the Celtic peoples underneath the nonsense and flourish. I am sure children would like it too, though it might make the books less popular with sweetie-loving adults. Potentially the story of a lost princess and an evil golden ball has everything; if only it could have been stiffened up!

Listen to the Wind is a quite elaborate fairy tale about three mid-nineteenth-century children and their magic adventures, well told, but somehow not very convincing. The rest of my fairy tales are re-tellings of old stories, which are always the better for as little prettifying as possible. *French Legends, Tales and Fairy Stories* is a good addition to the Oxford series, with first-class illustrations, but I very much prefer the fairy tales—surely one should wait for Roland, or for Aucassin and Nicolette, until one is old enough to take them in something nearer the original version? The same goes for the small children's *Classical Stories*: what is the point of them if they are to be brought down to the level of nursery conversation? I read *The Heroes* when I was seven, and none of your nursery versions, and it was the language and sweep of the stories, the sense of justice, of Arete behind the Gods, that convinced me that in some sense they were true. *Tales on the North Wind* are workmanlike re-tellings of northern fairy tales, many from Scandinavia.

Now for the animals, starting with two stories about stags. It is unfortunate that the same things happen to both of them—their mothers are killed and they are brought up by people, they are saved from drowning, go wild, mate, show intelligence and so on. Both books have the merit that they respect the facts of natural history; both are about recognisable parts of the Highlands and written with a love of the country and a perhaps idealised version of the people. Mortimer Batten's *The Singing Forest*, which has a pleasant, old-fashioned Tory angle on human life, is the more readable; I would have loved it at eight. *Minado* is definitely a tough book, for rather older children. None of the animals is sweet; the hero is a very ferocious wolverine in the Quebec forests.

The idea of *Animals All* was to collect stories, not about people and animals but about animals, and, if necessary, people. This was very sound. Charles Robert's classic story of the ram lives up to it, as does "Elephant Bill's" enchanting description of the elephant mother saving her baby from the floods. But it does seem to me doubtful to include the dog fight from *White Fang*; it is bearable as part of a long and very fine book, but is very horrible by itself. *King of the Baboons* is a story which would have given me nightmares as a child and is doubtful natural history. Almost all the people in this book are nasty, expecially the wicked Sir Godfrey who blinds the falcon in Henry Williamson's story. Read these by all means but don't give them to children unless you are prepared for floods of tears. It is quite a relief to drop to the five-year-old jungle of *Elephant Big and Elephant Little*, stories for reading aloud, no nonsense about natural history, all happily anthropomorphised and nice pictures. I liked it!

To end up, a really lovely book, *Harriet and her Harmonium*: the story an excuse for Alan Lomax to get in some of his most enchanting songs, admirably tough and deliciously tender, and for Pearl Binder to decorate them, sometimes all over the page, with every possible nice thing like railway trains and Indians and Mississippi steamboats and lovely food. The perfect present for a mother who can play the songs as she reads the story aloud and who will certainly like it just as much as her children will.

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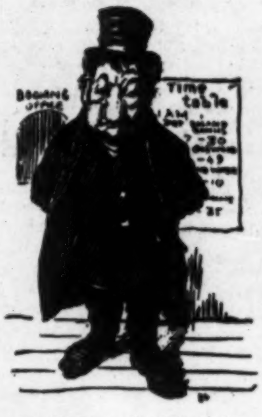

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Junior Round-up

Fame is the Spur

At the age of 11 my Bible was a heavy octavo volume published in the Seventies entitled *Worthies of the World*. There were 48 of them, each with a severe steel engraving. Caesar and Confucius, Galileo and Garibaldi, Shakespeare and Victor Hugo—they paired off admirably in the mind, rather like the great men in togas or knee-breeches that one sees chumming up on the great frieze that runs round the Albert Memorial. It is good to know that this fine Ecclesiasticus tradition continues. The three latest editions to the Hamish Hamilton series of memorable half-dozens (the "Six Great" series, 10*s*. 6*d*. each), well written and with excellent short bibliographies, are artfully angled for the secondary school library. David Divine's *Six Great Sailors* is the most original; he includes Captain Bligh ("*not* to be confused with Charles Laughton"), Lord Howard of Effingham ("overshadowed by Drake") and Sir Henry ("Pirate") Morgan. Miss Phyllis Garlick does the same for her *Six Great Missionaries* (including Xavier, Wesley and Schweitzer) and Mr. J. G. Crowther for *Six Great Scientists* (Copernicus, Galileo, Newton, Darwin, Mme Curie and Einstein). Moral determination, Mr. Crowther insists, is the key to success in the sciences. This note is sustained in Laurence Meynell's biography of the Wright Brothers (*First Men to Fly*, Werner Laurie, 10*s*. 6*d*.) and, as one might suppose, it is not entirely absent from John Marsh's *The Young Winston Churchill*—"the story of his tumultuous early years" (Evans, 10*s*. 6*d*.). For those who prefer heroes of a more complex kind, the Stratford Library (Hutchinson, 8*s*. 6*d*. each) though intended "for intelligent adults," equally answers the needs of the intelligent junior. The first two titles are Alfred Duggan's *Julius Caesar* and Donald Barr Chidsey's *Elizabeth I.* H. E. Waite's *Dear Miss Barrett* (Lutterworth, 8*s*. 6*d*.) re-tells the Wimpole Street saga, making skilful use of the Browning Letters; Pamela Brown's life of Miss Alcott (*Louisa*, Nelson, 8*s*. 6*d*.) is for younger readers. Miss Kitty Barne's *Introducing Mozart* and *Introducing Handel* (Dent, 6*s*. each) are excellent and timely, though disfigured with rather Winnie-the-Poohish drawings.

J. N. B. R.

Animals for Children

Maxwell Knight's *Letters to a Young Naturalist* (Collins, 10*s*. 6*d*.) is marred by passages of tiresome pomposity; and the letters from the "nephew," who writes to the author for information on subjects ranging from badger tracks to bird territories, are sadly stilted and priggish. (A niece is allowed to join in after a time.) Probably, however, young readers will find it easy to skim these irrelevant passages, and to make use of the accurate information, lucidly presented, which is the main feature of the book. Additional reasons for putting this book first on the list is that it contains much excellent advice on things to *do*, both in the field and at home; and it gives recommendations for further reading. Cyril Cowell, in *Your Book of Animal Drawing* (Faber, 5*s*. 6*d*.), also suggests something to do: it is a good idea to give detailed advice on how to draw *mammals* (the title is misleading: only mammals are dealt with); and the illustrative sketches, without being exciting, are efficiently done and suggest to the incompetent drawer like this reviewer that perhaps even a rat or mouse could be recognisably drawn by the pencil of the amateur. Gerald Durrell's *The New Noah* (Collins, 10*s*. 6*d*.) combines animal lore with exploration and adventure, lightly and readably recounted. The author has evidently contrived to get himself into just the sort of difficulties which make a good story: for instance, being lowered into a snake pit, in the dark, with a lamp which immediately goes out; and his observations of animal behaviour, as well as of his own, are agreeably perceptive and sympathetic. Thirteen years and upwards. With *Paws, Hoofs and Flippers* (Bodley Head, 12*s*. 6*d*.) Olive L. Earle provides the most professional, zoological contribution to this list. Mammals again, this time from the point of view of their appendages; but the information on each species is not confined to locomotion: it is indeed comprehensive, accurate and sometimes of the sort difficult to find without a good knowledge of the literature. There are many pleasing illustrations.

S. A. B.

Special Interests

No child nowadays need go short of social history. In *Travel and Transport Through the Ages* (Cambridge, 12*s*. 6*d*.) Norman E. Lee races from neolithic sledge and dug-out canoe right down to Comet and helicopter, and points the links between, for instance, horses and the Crusades, railroads and the opening of the Far West. Caractacus is the first character in Elisabeth Inglis-Jones's *Story of Wales* (Faber, 15*s*.), but from the sixteenth century onwards the stress is on mines and farms, the renewal in Welsh culture, the renaissance of the Welsh language. For those with Welsh, there is a new collection of native fairy tales told by Lisa Lee, *Owen's Story Book* (Wilding, Shrewsbury, 7*s*. 6*d*.), which also appears in English: for the most part homely magic about homely characters, Iorwerth and the Pet Lamb, the Singing Pigs of Nant Gwynant.

The four boys who followed their dog into the Lascaux caves are the heroes of Hans Baumann's *Caves of the Great Hunters* (Hutchinson, 10*s*. 6*d*.); having telegraphed for the Abbé Breuil, they painlessly learn from him about the people who painted the caves and about the even younger discoverers of Altamira. The real Abbé has given his imprimatur to this lively reconstruction. Boys who prefer to live in the present may be directed to *The Boys' Book of Secret Agents* (Cassell, 8*s*. 6*d*.), where, in challengingly titled chapters—How to Search a Suspect, Methods of Interrogation—Lt. Col. Oreste Pinto lets us inside this coveted world with so much obvious authority that we forgive him when cold fact harshly lets us down: "I have never known of an MI5 man who ever killed anyone while on duty." Boys thirsty for action might get more practicable ideas from *The Spare-Time Book*, compiled by Tony Gibson and Jack Singleton (Gollancz, 8*s*. 6*d*.), who suggest a couple of dozen activities, from film-making to gliding, pot-holing to browsing in junk-shops: hobbies, in fact, up to date. The last book is for parents: a Christmas party may be almost painlessly seen through with the help of *Games for Children* by Marguerite Kohl and Frederica Young (Faber, 10*s*. 6*d*.), who give a key to their hundred-odd games, explaining what age each game is for, if outdoor, indoor, quiet or noisy, needing pencils, papers or other preparation, and how long it will keep the party going. Unscrupulous hosts will pick out a dozen scheduled to run fifteen or twenty minutes, hire a sergeant-major to put the programme through and then relax in happy certainty that the parents will be rolling up to collect their little ones long before the games have given out.

The childhood of seven famous ballerinas, illustrated with photographs in Pigeon Crowle's *Enter the Ballerina* (Faber, 15*s*.) is just the thing to give a girl an imaginative entry behind the curtain. *The Children's Picture Book of Ballet* (Phoenix House, 6*s*. 6*d*.) has a more technical approach, and Felicity Gray's comment on the 48 photographs explain the dancer's tough job rather than the dancer's life. Though *Going to the Opera* (Phoenix House, 9*s*. 6*d*.) is not aimed directly at children, Lionel Salter's explanations of the part played by composer, musicians, producer, designer, and his notes on particular operas and composers, are admirably calculated to bring the intelligent child to his first opera alert, receptive, and ready for enjoyment.

J. A. S.

Old Friends, New Faces

The new Oxford *Gulliver's Travels* (12*s*. 6*d*.) is a most distinguished-looking book. The journeys to Lilliput and Brobdingnag are given in the proper text, with only slight cutting, and Robin Jacque's line drawings create a world—or rather two worlds—which one would be quite content to have permanently in one's mind's eye. The new Hans Andersen series which Heinemann's are publishing here—four books have appeared, two stories to a book (5*s*. each)—are a Danish project and have a Danish illustrator, Gustav Hjortlund: but his rubbery monsters, his bulbous humans, come from the world of Disney rather than the North.

Dent's Children's Classics (8*s*. 6*d*. each) have pictures both in colour and black and white. Hans Baumhauer sets the Dutch scene firmly and attractively for Mary Mapes Dodge's *Hans Brinker*, a book where much of the fascination is in realistic detail; this is true too of *Tom Sawyer*, whose grubby young ruffians are rather too idealised in Walter Hodge's pictures. E. H. Shepard's very personal line of whimsy quite suits some of the *Modern Fairy Stories* collected by R. L. Green (Dent, 11*s*. 6*d*.)—for instance, Catherine Sinclair's *Wonderful Story* or Kenneth Grahame's *Reluctant Dragon;* but they do not so happily match the poetry of George MacDonald's *Little Daylight* or Mrs. Molesworth's *Summer Princess*. The collection is admirable, bringing conveniently into circulation a number of charming stories by F. Anstey, Andrew Lang, Mrs. Ewing, Oscar Wilde, E. Nesbit and others, that a parent remembers with affection but often finds hard to locate.

G. W.

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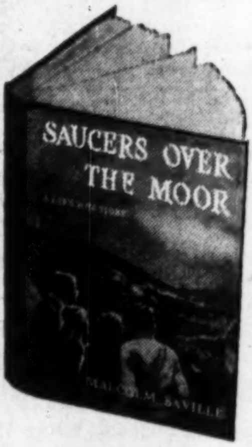

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> He has killed one immortal—Rider Haggard; the star of the hour, aged 24 and author of remarkable anglo-indian and extraordinarily observed barrack life—Tommy Atkins tales.

It was the first thumbnail sketch in a long line of critical portraits. Since 1890 Kipling has sat to a succession of distinguished brushes. The immense eyebrows, heavy moustache and cleft chin stare enigmatically down at us from a variety of canvases, all of them, with the exception of Edward Shanks's faint *gouache*, powerfully painted. (The sitter has a knack of arousing lurid colours in the dullest palette.) There is Mr. Hilton Brown's excellent full-length "appreciation", George Orwell's angry but admiring sketch of the non-U Sahib amid the Lesser Breeds, Edmund Wilson's creepy and haunting psychological study ("The Kipling that Nobody Read"). There is Desmond MacCarthy's Kipling ("the most wide-flung combustion in the sky of English letters since Byron and Dickens"), the Kipling of Hugh Kingsmill ("like all divided natures he was frightened of life") and there is the brilliant impressionistic obituary study that Miss Rebecca West painted for this journal. There is Dr. C. S. Lewis's too-little-known English Association Lecture, and there is the portrait signed by the present Lord Birkenhead—that large and mysterious canvas, stored in the Kipling family attic, a *chef d'œuvre* that few people have ever seen. Lastly, there is the devilishly wicked caricature dashed off by Robert Graves as far back as 1928 in which, like some mad, bad Boy Scout run amok on marijuana, he goes whooping after his prey with a whole Jungle Pack of derisory adjectives in tongue behind him.

It is sobering to turn from Graves's inspired mockery to Mr. Charles Carrington's new and definitive biography*. This is the tardy official presentation portrait, the James Gunn likeness specially commissioned for hanging behind the High Table of English Letters. Mr. Carrington has had access to all the documents. Kipling's daughter, Mrs. Bambridge, has made him free of her father's papers and, unlike Lord Birkenhead, he has succeeded in pleasing her with the use he has made of them. The lady, he tells us in his preface,

> has given me so much good advice, has corrected so many errors I had fallen into, has contributed so many anecdotes, side-lights and episodes, in addition to providing me with several long descriptive passages, that her name should properly appear with mine as part-author, on the title page.

This note of directed *pietas* is sustained in the "Acknowledgments." "Her Majesty the Queen," Mr. Carrington declares with an unctuous flourish, "has graciously approved the publication of the paragraphs which describe Rudyard Kipling's relations with the Royal Family." There follows a distinguished roll-call: Viscountess Milner, Lord Beaverbrook, Mrs. Thirkell, Sir Sidney Cockerell, Sir Owen Morshead, Lord Dunsany, Lady Violet Bonham-Carter and the late L. S. Amery—each in turn is thanked for helping to swell the long-deferred processional.

Yet in the result this is a far better book than such stifling patronage would suggest. True, Mr. Carrington has no revelations to offer. He tells us nothing that is new about Kipling, he makes no effort to answer any of the criticisms that have been levelled at him, but he compensates for this with a heap of absorbing information. Like his hero, Mr. Carrington is a true son of Martha. He is fascinated by the practical details of the writer's life, his literary sources, the originals of his tales and poems, his method of work, his quarrels with the American publishers and literary "pirates" of the Nineties. He is good on Kipling's involvement with the Balestiers—Wolcot the charmer, who persuaded him to give *The Light That Failed* a happy ending for the American public; Beatty, the Branwellish younger brother; and Carrie, who married Kipling and all too effectively took over the running of his life on the eve of Wolcot's death. ("A hard, devoted, capable, little person," wrote Henry James, "whom I don't in the least understand his marrying. It's a union of which I don't forecast the future.") Mr. Carrington writes vividly, too, of the thunderous impact that Kipling's early work made upon his readers.

Though his criticism of the prose is mostly woolly and insensitive (an excellent analysis of *Plain Tales* is the exception), Mr. Carrington writes admirably about Kipling's verse. He expands Mr. Eliot's notion—that "for Kipling the poem is something that is intended to *act*—and for the most part his poems are intended to elicit the same response from all readers, and the only response that they can make in common"—by demonstrating how much of the poetry stemmed naturally from *Hymns Ancient and Modern* ("by far the most popular volume of verse in nineteenth-century England") and the folklore hits of the music hall.

The great merit of a long, detailed and heavily documented biography like this is that page by page the sheer weight of names and dates and places builds up into the cumulative impression of a life. As we are borne along on the lulling rhythm of Mr. Carrington's sober, conventional narrative, his even tone, his bland undiscriminating admiration, the bold and heady interpretations of Kipling's genius, the dazzling theories and psychological silhouettes, grow dim in our minds and we are driven back upon our own frail speculations. This, in the case of a writer who has been so brilliantly written about from such a variety of standpoints, is not a bad thing. Mr. Carrington's extensive acquired knowledge of Kipling's life and his cowardly though understandable refusal to answer any of the strange questions that it raises, force us to think about the subject for ourselves.

It is largely a question of discovering the Missing Link. How could the same man have written both *Kim* and that vile poem of the first world war inspired by a rumour that the Kaiser had cancer of the throat? How did the writer who created *Without Benefit of Clergy* and *The Miracle of Purun Bhagat* use the same pen to write *Mary Postgate* and those detestable verses about the nigger and the cleaning rod?

A remark of Henry James's may serve as a starting-point. He had in him, said James, "the seeds of an English Balzac." At a first glance the comparison seems inevitable—the same energy, the same tremendous output, the same romantic preoccupation with "shop" and the way things work, above all, the same vulgarity. "*La vulgarité de ses sentiments*," exclaims Proust of Balzac in *Contre Sainte-Beuve*, "*est si grande que la vie n'a pu l'élever*," and this, in spite of his damnable and un-put-downable readability, is exactly what many people feel about Kipling. Yet at bottom it is not the vulgarity that strikes us in Kipling's writing nearly as much as the cruelty, the obsession with hallucination and disease and the morally cleansing power of pain. Though it sounds an odd comparison to make, Kipling has much the same streak of metaphysical sadism as Claudel; there is no more succinct summary of *Le Soulier de Satin* than Torpenhow's remark to Dick Helgar in *The Light that Failed*: "It's comforting that somewhere under the stars there's saving up for you a tremendous thrashing . . . it's bound to come and break you up a little." (Personally, I believe that *The Light that Failed* is the Missing Link—along with that grim Swiftian fantasy, *The Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes*.)

The early Kipling shared Balzac's intensity of vision. The whole burden of Mr. Carrington's first hundred pages is his fantastic and apish cleverness in getting beneath the skin of his Simla flirts and famine officers and ships' engineers, his astounding flair for catching an impression, hitting off a likeness. But whereas Balzac observed his bourgeoisie and then, out of a prodigious, romantic imagination, blew them up melodramatically into Goriots and Grandets, the young Kipling prided himself on his clinical fidelity to life. Balzac the pure creator, exulted in his invisible world, fussing forever about Eugénie's marriage and Birotteau's bankruptcy. Kipling, the creator by compensation, exulted odiously in his cold-blooded powers of observation—in other words, in his talent for hitting back at the Woman, and the beatings and the hateful house in Southsea, at the humiliations endured at the hands of a caste-ridden Anglo-Indian society. (Mr. Carrington makes a noble but vain effort to gloss over the social chip on the young Kipling's shoulder by positing a warm relationship with the vice-regal Dufferins.) "Cultivate humility," the real Mrs. Hauksbee had counselled him. Alas, psychologically this was just what Kipling was unable to do. He had taken too many beatings in the first 17 years of his life to allow humility a place in his imagination. There, at least, he could arrange beatings for other people and humble the Gadsbys. (Challenged on the Captain's authenticity, he replied characteristically: "The man was a fiction, was he? I've had him under the lens since 8.15 this evening.")

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* *Rudyard Kipling: His Life and Work.* By CHARLES CARRINGTON *Macmillan.* 25*s.*

■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

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Hence Kipling's dole as a writer. Rich and famous at 25, at 40 he found himself trapped by that terrible deity of his own imagining, "The God of Things as They Are." The artist who had rejoiced in the "separate sides to his head," in having, like Kim, a foot in two worlds, had become the captive mouthpiece of a generation. The unresolved conflicts in his own nature which he had steadily refused to face, he directed outwards in aggression against pacifists, Socialists, Hun airmen, Jewish plutocrats and American intruders on the Sussex countryside. To oppose these phantom battalions he had called into being what Graves calls the "loyal native auxiliary"—who now included Janeites, Freemasons, faithful Cockney ex-batmen and the hobbity peasantry of *Puck of Pook's Hill* and *An Habitation Enforced.* Meanwhile, his sales ever mounting, his reputation ever diminishing, the years at the imperial treadmill ground on:

> An average day at Bateman's was always a busy one. . . . Dr. Marie Stopes asking that "If" should be re-written to deal with women; H. G. Wells asking Kipling not to review a book of his . . . as their points of view were so different; or perhaps an unknown spinster wanting new words written for the "Red Flag," though the Socialists were not to know who had done it! . . .

Soon he was an old man, looking out Edgar Wallace thrillers for George V, who read and meticulously returned them, after carefully writing "R. K." on the fly-leaf. Outwardly, he had become the King's fugleman, one of the "old men who never cheated, never doubted". *Limits and Renewals* gives one an idea of the fires that raged within. All his life he had been in domestic bondage—to the Woman, to Westward Ho!, to the Family Square, to Carrie. Some time in the Thirties Hugh Walpole met him at a house-party and reported:

> Kipling at Fairlawne is like a little gnome. . . I asked him at luncheon whether he approved of censorship (apropos of this tiresome stupid *Well of Loneliness*). No, he doesn't approve of the book. Too much of the abnormal in all of us to play about with it. Hates opening up reserves. All the same he'd had friends once and again he'd done more for them than for any woman. Luckily Ma Kipling doesn't hear this. . . .

"Go east, Mr. Kipling, go back to the Far East. Disappear! Another Waring." If only he had taken Gosse's advice! If, as I believe, *Kim* is his one immortal achievement, the death of the *Kim* in Kipling is among the saddest spectacles in literature.

John Raymond

Sadie O'Grady

Under kempt farms familiar upon the scarp,
Pot-holes and subterranean waters.
Beneath the trade routes confidently charted,
Domains of the sea king's daughters.
Within the men of prompt and honourable
  decisions,
Licentious dreams, dishonourable visions.

Need I show you more of these
Juxtaposed antitheses—
Chasms submarine, hollows under hill,
Passion secreted, will within will?
Nothing exists, I think, but has this other,
Submerged, inseparable Siamese brother.

Frank Dunnill

An American Tragedy

A Nation's Security: The Case of Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer. Edited by Michael Wharton. *Secker & Warburg.* 30s.

The transcript of the loyalty proceedings against J. Robert Oppenheimer has already become a rough-hewn American classic. I myself read and re-read it, as though it were *War and Peace.* Perhaps it was too much to hope that the full text, which runs to over a million words, would be published in this country. Failing this, I warmly congratulate Messrs. Secker & Warburg on their decision to entrust Mr. Michael Wharton with the task of selecting excerpts from the verbatim evidence and from the series of contradictory findings which closed the case. Faced with the almost impossible duty of excising seven-eighths of the original text and yet preserving its flavour, Mr. Wharton made a wise decision. He decided to omit entirely the evidence of some thirteen witnesses, including several of first-rate importance, such as the scientist Enrico Fermi. This has enabled him to find space for virtually the whole of the examination of Oppenheimer himself, as well as part of the testimony of George Kennan, of the two security officers, Lansdale and Pash, and among others of the egregious David Tressel Griggs, the chief scientist to the Air Force, who unwittingly revealed the malignant hostility which Oppenheimer's doubts about the H-bomb had aroused in the Strategic Air Force.

Looking through my own copy of the transcript, I find that nearly all the pages which I had marked are included in *A Nation's Security.* If a selection had to be made, I do not see how it could have been better done. Mr. Wharton has successfully preserved not only the chief dramatic moments of the proceedings but most of the quieter interchanges which illustrate the character of the protagonists. He has also been successful in ensuring that the British reader will be able to grasp the strategic controversy which preceded the decision to make the H-bomb. Should nuclear weapons be held in reserve as ultimate deterrents and, if so, could America afford to maintain conventional forces for a conventional war as well as developing the whole range of unconventional weapons? If she could not, which should be given priority, the big bomb or atomic tactical weapons? The Strategic Air Force demanded the former, while Oppenheimer and the scientists preferred the latter. But if Oppenheimer had his way and the NATO forces were equipped with atomic tactical weapons, how could the Supreme Commander in Western Europe avoid transforming any war into full-scale nuclear war? These are all problems with which we are now conversant, because they have been publicly debated ever since Sir Winston Churchill recognised the significance of the Bikini explosion. What the Oppenheimer transcript shows is that they were secretly debated in the very greatest detail in the six months between the detonation of the first Russian A-bomb in August, 1950, and President Truman's decision to override the scientists' advice and go ahead with the "crash" programme in January, 1951.

What delighted me, as I re-read it, was the intellectual quality of that secret debate and the rich personalities of those who took part in it. It was the kind of abstract controversy which tests character as well as mind, sunders friendships and forges strange alliances. And no wonder! For one of the great decisions of human history was being taken by a few score men, arguing secretly about the political and military consequences of a hypothetical weapon, which it was not even certain that the scientists could make. If anyone wants to appreciate the finest characteristics of the American spirit—intellectual adventurousness, individual integrity and, above all, moral seriousness they are all here in the record. And so are the main American failings—a ruthlessness in choosing means once the end is fixed; a sense of loyalty which splits colleagues into rival gangs of unscrupulous intriguers; and a legalism which stifles the spirit of the Law. By Aristotle's definition, the Oppenheimer story is a tragedy, in the strict sense of the word. It shows us a man and a community being undone by the excesses of their own virtues, and the spectacle purges the soul through pity and fear.

Nevertheless, I must warn the reader that Mr. Wharton's selections sadly diminish the grandiose proportions of the original. By concentrating naturally enough, on the passages of human interest and those dealing with strategy, he has cut away the whole legal framework of the proceedings. A good Introduction, which explained the character of the American security system and related it to the American tradition of Congressional investigation, might have helped to make good this deficiency. Unfortunately Mr. Wharton's Introduction is quite inadequate and written in a tone of timid neutrality which suggests that he feels it is not gentlemanly for an Englishman to take sides in these proceedings.

What we miss as a result of his caution is suggested by another study, recently published in America, by Charles Curtis, a distinguished Boston lawyer. His book, *The Oppenheimer Case: The Trial of a Security System*, is a masterly analysis of the legal principles involved. The long tussles between the lawyers which he quotes—but which do not appear in *A Nation's Security*—are really essential if we are to understand not merely the legal issues but the nature of the tragedy in which Oppenheimer was involved. I can only hope that Mr. Curtis's book will find an English publisher, as the Alsops' brilliant *plaidoyer*, *We Accuse*, has already found one. But the surprise of the century might well be scored by the firm which was reckless enough to publish the full text over here. In America it costs $2.75 (£1), against the 30s. which the reader must pay for Mr. Wharton's selections.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

New Short Stories

A Beginning. By WALTER DE LA MARE. *Faber.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Bride of the Innisfallen. By EUDORA WELTY. *Hamish Hamilton.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Daffodil Sky. By H. E. BATES. *Michael Joseph.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. De La Mare's new collection of short stories comes from the heart of a world to which he is now almost the only surviving guide. He takes us to a series of vanishing points, to the frontiers of reality and dream, to the blurred edges that surround our camera eye on life. It is essentially a world where nothing is done in wholes: a land of half ghosts, of significant moments clear in all but the nature of their significance, of time that never existed but to be regained and a past that only resides in remembrance. Behind the ghosts and echoes that are the subjects of the stories lie other literary ghosts and echoes, for as he tells us in the preface these tales have origins in various periods of his long life—"one actually came into being when Queen Victoria was still on the throne." There are fleeting notes then that recall the *Yellow Book* and Henry James, Machen and Blackwood; there are earlier echoes of Le Fanu and of the fated, dream-ridden children of Victorian tales, of Paul Dombey listening to the message of the waves; there are, too, stories that seem to have some link with the reality of today or at any rate with the grey, genteel world of many of the stories of Mr. Kitchin and Mr. Hartley, only through Mr. De La Mare's eyes this reality appears even more misty and unsubstantial. The sounds and sights seem to come to us from the other end of a long tunnel and, even then, at dusk. It is a world that enchants in three ways: by the invocations of Mr. De La Mare's words and images; by long distant literary echoes so that the stories which tell of obsessive memory themselves obsess us as tales that we have known and heard from the nursery; and finally, of course, by their appeal to the hinterland of dreams that, envelop-

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HARRAP

ing us all in its mists in our childhood, hangs still around us in smoke wreaths all our lives.

It is for this reason that I find Mr. De La Mare at his best when he deals directly with haunted children, as in *The Princess*, or the masterly tale *The Guardian*. He is also, however, incomparable in his tales of betrayed married love with their undertones, half sinister, half pathetic, always Victorian, like *An Anniversary*, *The Picture* or *The Cartouche*. It is only where the fantasy seems to lose all terms of reference to real life—in *Music* or *The Odd Shop* with its unsatisfactory suggestion of "wise philosophising"—that I find no shape or meaning in the distant, shifting patterns.

Miss Eudora Welty, too, deals in overtones and moments of implication; she, too, compels our acceptance by the spell of words and symbols. The significance of her characters and scenes lies as much in the past behind them and in the future before them as in the moment snatched from the moving reel and set before us in a vivid "still." There is no suggestion of a dream world in Miss Welty's work, however, unless it be that she imposes her own dream world upon us as reality. The unsaid and the implied are essentially human, and human sophisticated at that, for, although the characters of her creation are usually simple folk the reader is never for a moment unconscious of Miss Welty's sophisticated eye. Hers is a wonderfully clever vision, humorous, tender and always shaping the raw material before her to our satisfaction. Nevertheless, as I read each successive book of Miss Welty's, I am less and less satisfied. She is so entirely successful on her own home ground, but she hardly ever wins an away match. In the collection under review there are two perfect stories, *Kin*, and *The Burning*. The first is modern, the second tells of a macabre incident in the Civil War; both are laid in the deepest South. *Going to Naples* is a long, lively story of Italian Americans going *turistica* to Naples in the Holy Year. She paints the emotions, the joys and absurdities of a lively, adolescent girl with her usual success. Yet somehow the total picture seems to me a little "prepared," like a sketch by Ruth Draper. The other long story, *The Bride of the Innisfallen*, is laid in a railway carriage from Paddington to the Irish steamship. I was entirely unconvinced either by the dialogue or the scene. Miss Welty's sharp ears and eyes seem to fail so far from home. But then I recollect that friends from the South have told me that her southern scene is her own invention. If so, it delights me, where her Irish one merely bores.

So popular a writer as Mr. Bates may be expected to be less subtle than Miss Welty or Mr. De La Mare. It is not really so. Again and again I was struck by his penetrating knowledge of people and scenes in these stories. His range too is extraordinarily wide. It is only the final pay-off that is so disturbing. Mr. Bates reminds me of Mr. Rattigan: he is a perfect artist and at times a very clever and moving observer of humanity. Yet there seems so often some note of sentimentalism, of final falsity—not necessarily middle-brow or "popular," but a simple emotional muzziness that spoils what would otherwise be perfection. Nevertheless of the three writers under review, he seems to me the most interesting both for what he is and for what he could be.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST STORIES

ELEK BOOKS

W. P. Ker

On Modern Literature. By W. P. KER. Edited by TERENCE SPENCER and JAMES SUTHERLAND. *Oxford.* 35*s.*

W. P. Ker was one of the great teachers of English. He came to University College, London, where they have just celebrated his centenary, in 1889: a moment when, though his particular chair was as old as the College, English literature was a new subject in most English universities, and very much on trial. (The first Oxford literature chair dates from 1885, the Cambridge English Tripos from 1919.) The tendency was to make English academically respectable by heavily stressing the philological side: the grind of Anglo-Saxon, replacing the grind of Latin and Greek, would save the new school from being a despised soft option. So the first English professor at Oxford, A. S. Napier, was a philologist who lived in hopes of getting past the Norman Conquest in his lectures. (Once indeed he announced a course on Chaucer, which provoked a colleague to remark, "I see you are now getting down to the Decadents".) In the Scottish Universities, where the study of literature had been recognised much earlier, humaner traditions prevailed under A. C. Bradley at Glasgow, George Saintsbury at Edinburgh, and Herbert Grierson in Aberdeen.

On a superficial view, W. P. Ker seems to belong to the language party. He was always urging the importance of the Scandinavian tongues, and his reputation as a scholar was made by his studies in the early literature of Europe, *Epic and Romance* (1896) and *The Dark Ages* (1904); but you have only to open either to realise that he turned his students to Icelandic or Old French not so that they could do turns on the intellectual trapeze as nimbly as any classicist, but to enlarge their minds, their sensibilities, their pleasures. The point of special studies, for him, was not to fence off any part of literature, but to provide a channel into literature at a deeper level of understanding. And at the same time as he encouraged his students in these special lines, he was taking them through the whole field of English. One book of his class lectures was published, after his death, as *Form and Style in Poetry* (1928); another, to mark his centenary, has just appeared, *On Modern Literature*—where "modern" has the same value as in "Modern Languages", *i.e.*, not medieval. These lectures go, in time, from Milton to Trollope. Both books spring from an enormous reading and a prodigious memory for the poetry, the stories, and the tunes of Western Europe. Ker carried in his head the measures of Spain and Provence as well as the sagas of Iceland and ballads of Denmark, and loved to track a rhythm in space and time. He was particularly aware of the interaction of form and content, tune and words, "how much of thought different stanzas bring along with them; they are tunes setting the mind of the poet dancing in a particular measure." At a time when we tend to go for the images of a poem, and tease out its ambiguities, it is a good thing to be reminded that "The tune of the verse is part of the meaning."

The force that drove W. P. Ker through his vast readings—he was said to know every tongue from Lapland to Provence—was a spirit of adventure. Certainly not in the sense in which horrid little books for middle forms talk of "the adventure of literature", which usually means encouraging an undiscriminating and directionless appetite. Literature was an adventure to Ker because he saw it as the record of human experience—what people have done, felt, sung, thought—and the more you brought to it of knowledge and understanding, the more you could discover. To find a stanza used in medieval Provence reappearing in Scotland a couple of centuries later; to trace connections between the later eighteenth-century's taste for romantic scenery and the scenery in eighteenth-century theatres, between Burke's studies in politics and Goethe's in botany, between Burns's poetry and his admiration for the elder Pitt—these were, for Ker, an active pleasure, like that of the surveyor when an observation suddenly makes the mountains and valleys of a new region fit together, and make sense.

The stimulus of all W. P. Ker's books and lectures comes partly from their inconclusiveness —he has no ambition to sum up, or round off, or utter last words; he is rather suggesting lines of approach—if you want to grasp Dryden's relation to English drama, he advises, have a look at Corneille's essays—and pointing out aspects and connections (particularly, perhaps, with politics and architecture) that the student glued to his set text and exam curriculum would not be likely to catch for himself.

His students came to great works the hard way: they were expected to slog away at Icelandic, to make something of the samples of rhythms he handed out in lectures, in medieval Latin, Provençal, Portuguese. Their incentive was the chance of making discoveries for themselves; their reward, a sense of the unity of European culture, and the enjoyment which comes when learning is used to extend or enhance our whole experience of life.

JANET ADAM SMITH

Glorious and Bloodless

England in the Reigns of James II and William III. By DAVID OGG. *Oxford.* 50*s.*

The revolution of 1688 has long been known as the Glorious Revolution. There has been a fashion in recent historical writing to diminish its glory. Were not the motives really economic and therefore by definition inglorious? Was not James II a very virtuous family man, William of Orange a very dull dog, and the Whig politicians all very shady and selfish weathercocks? And poor Judge Jeffreys, that much-maligned man, did he not merely dispense the rough justice habitual in that age, though perhaps he uttered his sentences with understandable peevishness, being a martyr to those painful disorders, the hangover and the stone? It is true that James II was a paid agent (if also a willing agent) of Louis XIV, who was then threatening the liberties of Europe and wished, through religion, to reduce England to a satellite; but what, after all, is liberty? As Mr. Evelyn Waugh has so profoundly written, in a recent preface whose "eloquence" has been applauded by Mr. John Raymond in the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, "for the fullest development of our national genius we required a third conquest, by Philip

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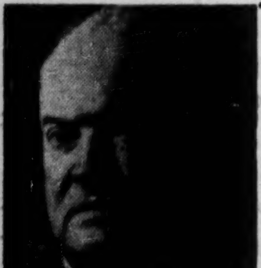
of Spain"; and although we threw away this golden opportunity in 1588, might we not still have been saved if only we had been willing to accept a French protectorate a hundred years later? So we are now told, in furtive asides and oblique epigrams by those who think that to be right one must only disagree with Macaulay.

Mr. David Ogg is not of this view. He is a scholar. No one can accuse him of being indifferent to economic history: his works show that he is deeply learned in it. No one can object that he is a dull dog or a religious bigot: he writes with grace and agreeable irony—a grace and an irony distinguished from those of more "eloquent" writers by being based on scholarship and common sense. After marshalling the vastly increased evidence now available, he has not been afraid to come to the same conclusion as Macaulay, whose accuracy, he well observes, "has withstood the scrutiny, often niggling, sometimes vituperative, of more than a century". The Revolution, he concludes firmly, was not motivated by economic or even, at bottom, by political causes, although it did incidentally produce both economic and political results. The Revolution broke out because James II set out methodically to change the religion of the country, and to do so by undermining its institutions, its traditions and its independence; and the foreign wars which followed it were fought not primarily for economic reasons (although they too had economic results) but to preserve the Revolution at home. If this is not a very novel interpretation, it may nevertheless be a right interpretation. As Mr. Ogg sensibly remarks, after neatly despatching new-fangled economic interpretations of Monmouth's Rebellion, "a suggested reason for historical events is not necessarily wrong because it is old."

What a splendid story the Glorious Revolution makes! Narrative is not Mr. Ogg's greatest gift, and he is, I think, not much interested in the complexity of human character. The dramatic nature of events, the mounting passions and the genuine personal dilemmas—the crises of conscience to which even Macaulay, for all his dramatic sense, was insensitive—are not brought fully into light by him. But even so, the mere history of events has a passionate quality which alone dispels the idea that this was a mere palace revolution: its heat and intensity are sensible, even through its bloodless character (at least in England it was bloodless) and the crisp Scottish dryness of Mr. Ogg's style. And how decisively he disposes of those apologists who pretend that James II and Jeffreys were merely acting in the spirit of their time!



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> This argument, popular because "moderate," does a serious injustice to seventeenth century England for there are degrees even in brutality, and the general condemnation of Jeffreys and the Bloody Assizes immediately after the Revolution (when it was safer to express an opinion) showed that public indignation had been roused. That there was so little protest at the time was because any criticism of the government was seditious libel; and especially in James's reign men might well hesitate before committing such an offence; so the silence of the nation was by no means the silence of consent. What Jeffreys himself thought about it may be deducted from the fact that in October, 1688, when the dynasty was tottering, he took the trouble to obtain a royal pardon for his crimes. . . .
>
> As for Jeffreys being a man of his age, one has only to compare him with Hale before him or Holt immediately after him.

Mr. Ogg's book is not merely a history of the Revolution, it is a history of England from 1685 to 1702, comprehensive, scholarly and up to date, a worthy successor to his *England in the Reign of Charles II*. It is of course the work of a "professional historian", and therefore I should perhaps hesitate before recommending it: for in the course of a recent controversy (engendered by some anodyne platitude of mine in these pages), I have been told that "since Marx, the professional historian is obsolescent". However, since I know of no Marxist work on the age of James II and William III, I suppose I may recommend Mr. Ogg's book as interim reading for those who are still prepared to study an obsolescent subject. I hope there are many such. They will find in it also certain obsolescent virtues—such as common sense, clarity and respect for the evidence.

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

New Novels

Faithful are the Wounds. By MAY SARTON *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Since the Fall. By STUART HOOD. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Occasion of Glory. By ARTHUR CALDER-MARSHALL. *Cape.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

The Liberty Man. By GILLIAN FREEMAN. *Longmans.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

There can be no doubt, I think, that Miss May Sarton in her new novel, *Faithful are the Wounds*, is playing a game of which we in Britain know only the rules. At first we are as fumble-fingered as a soccer player substituting at rugger. For Miss Sarton's self-dedicated task is to probe, with the no-legal-holds-barred relentlessness of an American Congressional Committee, the suicide of a fine liberal professorial mind driven beyond its tether. Over here the farcical yet terrible witch-hunting is unknown; the tensions are little tighter than usual; the pulse of the country does not beat frenetically at the mention of the word Liberal. But Miss Sarton is analysing a universal malaise; and soon we are involved, even against our inclinations.

Her professor, Edward Cavan, an English instructor at Harvard, was, of course, F. O. Matthiessen, though the dust-cover references to Winant and Masaryk cloud rather than clarify the issue. The author does not go along entirely with the superficial assumption that the suicide was the inevitable result of, the protest at, the relegation of American liberalism to the back-blocks of the communist encampment. She exposes—through his contacts with his colleagues, his liberal friends, and his relatives—Cavan's essentially complicated, not to say contrary, nature. Cavan stands for the liberal individual, though 'intellectual' might define his position more accurately, but his liberalism contains no place for individuality. There lies the way to compromise. And for Cavan "the historical point of view is nothing to hide behind" since "you have to fight at the very beginning—otherwise it's too late."

Finally his rock-like integrity smashes head-on with his fellow liberals in a crunch that sounds around the world. "Judicial and balanced" though he is in "the things he really cares about," such as literature, he has no forgiveness in politics. And they, despite their acute awareness of his despair, are unable to help him because of his dedicated uncompromisingness. Miss Sarton's diagnosis is not an assessment. Unlike the Un-American Activities star chamber she attempts no conclusions. Her exploratory torch shafts illuminatingly through the web of disintegrating Liberalism in America, and plays fascinatingly about on Bostonian and Harvardian intellectual society.

No such battle of loyalties is fought out in *Since the Fall*. This is a short novel so finely controlled by its author that it conveys the intentions and complexities inherent in a much greater work. It leaves us with the impression that we possess the greatly speeded perceptions of marijuana addicts: the book glitters with an almond-bitter and corroding wit, that is ultimately without hope.

Superficially it is the gay and hedonistic tale of Gavin, joined in Italy in Caos, a Unesco-type organisation, by Peter, an ex-Campo 50 companion. (It's Christian names, and you don't ask whether it's Fleming or Pastmaster.) Mr. Hood bounds exuberantly from one improbability to another; beauty competitions, film-making, propaganda balloons over the iron curtain, cycle-racing, hormone-eating professor, hormone eating lion, lion eating professor. Peter goes up: Gavin goes down. The Resistance raises its ugly head, and Mr. Hood shoots the Charles Morgan River Line: "Should-I-have-killed-him—Was-he-a-spy?". Yet Gavin's predicament cannot be intended absurdly. As farce? A son of the manse, he quotes the Shorter Catechism too extensively—and accurately—for that. "A man makes his own best dreams impossible," and he adds, "In the end the great words have come to mean nothing—peace, freedom, democracy. Merely mirrors distorting the dream." The laughter in the book is not so much of enjoyment as defiance, though here again Gavin's death has all the inspired lunacy of the early Waugh.

Mr. Arthur Calder-Marshall's novel is a thoroughly professional job of work. I intend this in no denigrating way. It is a pleasure on opening a book to sense satisfactorily that it is unlikely to slump into incompetence whatever other faults it is heir too. The author sets his tragedy in a silver mining city and tourist centre in Mexico in Easter week. This enables him to contrast the vestigial religious services, with their mixture of pagan and Christian symbols, and the mystic faith in productiveness held by the superior castes. The exponent of this point of view is Albert Rivera, the chief of police, a vivid creation, dominating in his naturalness, and validly, it seems to me, Mexican. When his superiors fail him Alberto holds to his beliefs with the same terrible tenacity with which he later clutches his mortally wounded belly. He is determined that the valley, his valley, shall regain its faith through his power of belief. Mr. Calder-Marshall makes all this not merely probable, but inevitable, the only true path to salvation. The expatriate American tourists, gliding swiftly and interchangeably from bed to bed—fertility of one kind or another is a major theme of the book—are background and chorus—and what a chorus! But the novel's principal concern is always Alberto, his relations with the peasants, with the land. He is truly Mexican in cherishing his pride above all else. With this pride goes a disposition for theatricality. A baroque flamboyance lies at the heart of his action, and in this he is one with the peons. Mr. Calder-Marshall has evoked an incomparable picture of a land tilting out of pastoral balance and of a visionary intent to death on saving it.

The Liberty Man is a first novel of some little promise. A youthful, handsome matelot from London's East End, as woman-hungry as only American sailors have seemed to be, meets a young schoolmistress, socially very much his superior. She attempts to culturise him. But physical desires grow faster than cultural passions, and what began gently ends explosively. Miss Freeman writes directly and unpretentiously. Her sailor is a masterly effort. How the author, endowed with a woman's sensibilities, was able to create so authentic a seaman is baffling—and exhilarating.

MICHAEL CRAMPTON

Kathleen Ferrier

The Life of Kathleen Ferrier. By WINIFRED FERRIER. *Hamish Hamilton.* 15*s*.

Even if Kathleen Ferrier were not the beloved figure she is, Miss Winifred Ferrier's book would be a more than usually interesting contribution to the bookshelf of singers' biographies. For these are usually reckless expansions of Tosca's "*Vissi d'arte, vissi d'amore,*" extravagant, boastful, entertaining. Mary Garden's "ghost" boldly headed a chapter *I Start at the Top in 'Louise'*; Elena Gerhardt disarmingly confessed that "my most serious rival . . . unfortunately gave up singing in public rather early in life, and I had to carry the laurels alone"; with Marguerite D'Alvarez success ran hand in hand with a riotous series of impassioned kisses, climaxed by that from the King of the Belgians ("a lasciviousness I had never known before"). But Miss Ferrier presents a truthful, unaffected portrait of a great singer who had about her no trace of the *prima donna*, of a Lancashire lass who became a heroine internationally loved and internationally mourned.

She has planned her book simply and skilfully. Kathleen Ferrier was both a lovable woman who enjoyed ordinary pleasures and was filled with a direct sense of fun, and a great artist whose natural temperament bubbled out in songs like "Kitty my love" but was transfigured in Mahler's *Das Lied von der Erde* or those last tragic Orfeos in Covent Garden. Winifred Ferrier shows how the girl deepened into the artist and does so, wisely, by quoting from her sister's letters. They speak with her characteristic directness:

> May 28th. Elgar—Sea Pictures.
>
> Only sheer love for *you*, Emmie, makes me acquiesce, as the bishop said to the actress!
>
> I'm sorry I can't sing the Verdi Requiem—it breaks mi bloomin' heart, but it's no good—it's too high.
>
> The more I see of opera, the less I want to take part in it—except Orfeo.
>
> Would love to take Ernest Lush with me to Scandinavia and agree to his fee—I don't want him to reduce it.

The book is filled with interesting, practical things: the way Kathleen Ferrier set about learning a role, her fear of forgetting the words, what she ate before and after concerts, how much she smoked. Not that it is cluttered with trivia: these details contribute, in passing, to a remarkably vivid portrait. Instead of the usual romanticised account of a sudden rise to fame, we have a believable narration. The book is all of a piece: letters, photographs, and Miss Ferrier's firm, clear prose all speak of Kathleen Ferrier's *goodness*. The central mystery of her art remains: it is almost unbearably moving to turn to the final pages of this book and find there a group of musical phrases which one cannot read without hearing her voice in them.

ANDREW PORTER

City Lights

Union-Castle Rumpus

IMPORTS remained high in October, and will presumably continue to be high unless the economy relaxes. But exports rose remarkably well: overall, the October figure was 13½ per cent. higher than the monthly average for the first nine months of the year, and exports to North America exceeded the nine months' average by almost 29 per cent. Whether this extraordinarily good performance can be maintained is an open question, but in October it enabled the visible trade gap to be held at £52m. The demoralised gilt-edged market regained some of its lost nerve on this news. Stock markets as a whole have now relapsed from active despondency into passive quietness.

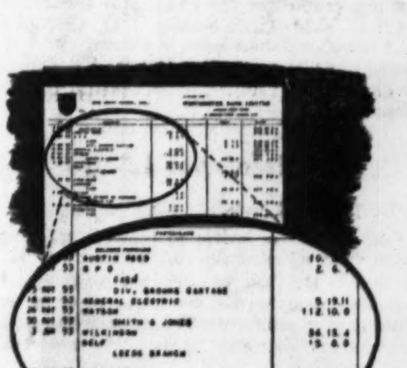
Special situations become all the more interesting when the general atmosphere is subdued, and the publication of the full case for the proposed merger between Union-Castle and Clan Line has aroused a good deal of discussion. The original proposals, supported by the boards of both companies, aroused bitter opposition on the grounds that they were unfair to Union-Castle shareholders. A shareholders' committee was set up, its members representing a number of powerful City and commercial interests in Union-Castle. Statements and counter-statements began to appear. The original proposals were slightly revised, and rejected in their revised form by the committee. And all the time the market price of Union-Castle shares rose, as both sides bought in votes.

The full proposals, which have now been published, show, as was expected, that Union-Castle faces a severe replacement problem; it is the company's vulnerability on this score that has made it the subject of intermittent bid rumours for so long. Its profits are apparently declining, the replacement problem is becoming urgent and the funds are not there to meet it; Clan Line, on the other hand, has no urgent replacement problem, high profits, and the funds—and the skilled management—necessary to combine the two companies into one large profitable unit. The detailed statement certainly proves what was already clear, that something has to be done quickly about Union-Castle. The committee, however, is likely to question the method of depreciation used to arrive at comparative profits and assets figures and to maintain its opposition to the proposed merger terms. Both Clan and the members of the committee have now too much at stake to let the matter drop. The offer to Union-Castle shareholders does not expire until the end of the year; they will therefore have ample time to weigh the relative advantages of the two offers—if they have not already decided to sell out in the market.

* * *

It may be the Union-Castle affair which has revived the long-standing City discussion about the place of the shareholder. There have been several articles published recently about shareholders' rights and their failure to use them. There has been considerable resentment about the increase in distributed profits tax (on the grounds that it hinders the transfer of investible funds from the inefficient to the efficient company). There has been a correspondence in *The Times* about the iniquity of "A" non-voting shares (the issue of which enables a group of shareholders—usually the original family—with a relatively small financial stake in the company to retain complete control of it). These instances are symptomatic. In the City, as well as in the Labour Party, a few people are trying to sort out the present state of the mechanism which theoretically makes capitalism work.

At present, things are in an intermediate stage. On the one hand, more and more large companies are effectively controlled by managers or technical directors with a negligible financial interest in the business. On the other, the number of non-institutional investors in this country is limited; in most cases, holdings are small and seldom altered, the investor being more interested in a secure income than in high yields or the efficient management of his company. But, legally, it is the



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BUDDHIST SOCIETY

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Read "The Middle Way"—2/6 quarterly.
Information: 16 Gordon Square, W.C.1. Euston 7770

body of equity shareholders who own and control a company, and, if the shareholders cannot be bothered to look after their property it is the directors who effectively take over—*Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* Provided that mismanagement does not go so far that a cut in dividend is unavoidable or a bidder appears to offer shareholders a more attractive price than their investment commands in the market, it is only too easy to conceal inefficiency. For example, an undervaluation of assets (all too common today) can serve to disguise the low rate of profit being earned by the company on its capital; a true figure might well persuade shareholders to draw their profits as dividends and reinvest them.

Whatever the vices of capitalism, it does serve in theory as an efficient machine for putting capital resources to the most profitable use; whatever method of social planning might be substituted for it, some means would still be needed for maximising the yield on capital employed. At present the system is not evolving, but drifting; most of the faults of capitalism are still with us, while its theoretical efficiency is disappearing. It is rather foolish to regard the passing of the old-fashioned shareholder with unalloyed political glee. A system in which companies are secretive about their operations and regularly retain a high proportion of their profits has few advantages—except that it encourages the happy-go-lucky higher wages, higher prices attitude which has caused the country so much trouble. From the political point of view, it transfers economic power from a large number of shareholders to a small body of autonomous directors. From the economic point of view, it encourages an inefficient use of scarce capital resources.

TAURUS

Week-end Competition

No. 1,343

Set by Peter Pastmaster

The usual prizes are offered for a Selection Board psychologist's report on any one of the following candidates for entry into the Senior Branch of H.M. Civil Service: O. Cromwell, V. I. Lenin, M. Robespierre, B. Disraeli, W. L. S. Churchill, O. von Bismarck, G. N. Curzon and C. Borgia. Limit 150 words; entries by November 29th.

Result of No. 1,340

Set by Naomi Lewis

Competitors are invited to compose an appropriate verse rejection slip (of any length up to 8 lines) for the use of any one contemporary periodical (daily, weekly, monthly, etc.) or for any contemporary publisher. The name of the publication or publisher must be stated; fictional names not accepted.

Report

Too late, the appalling hazards of the situation flashed upon the setter. But duty is duty, and researches were unsparingly pursued. Many competitors seemed to forget that it is customary to temper rejection with civility. Even *Truth* must have its own emollient way of saying: "We thought it was dreadful." Then, too, the formula does not lose by being helpful. Thus:

We *like* emotional complications,
But *not* illicit sex relations. (Helen MacGregor)

or

Comrade, we return herewith
Your piece. We liked it fine.
The slant's all right, and so's the style—
But where's the party line? (M. E. G.).

Finally, it should seem to speak in the voice of the sender. We do not know if the gay rhyme beginning: "Here's your thing, Dear. We quite liked it—" is exactly the note of *Time and Tide*, but we are pretty sure that a verse containing such words as "opt" and "booze" would never be sent out by *The Times*. Candida Marsh's opening, on the other hand, was admirable:

Hold back
Your tears of disappointment:
Faber regrets
And so does Faber . . .

It is possible that the present forms in use by the numerous papers and publishers suggested by competitors already fulfil these conditions. But sufficient fieldwork has not yet been done by our fieldworker to confirm. Meanwhile, they were splendidly complied with by the winners, Edward Blishen (two guineas), Nancy Gunter, P. M., Leslie Johnson, D. R. Peddy (one each), and rather well too by the runners-up, Little Billee, T. G. Charlton, Kenneth, S. Kitchin, Candida Marsh, Alberick, C. O. Jones, Helen MacGregor, Winty and Meg.

Punch

Your work is polished, perfect, deft,
Immensely funny. But it proved
Unequal to the test. It left
Our Mr. Muggeridge unmoved.

Chatto & Windus

Sir, take it like a trooper.
Your MS missed the *bateau.*
Mr. Windus shouted "Super!"
But not so Mr. Chatto.

EDWARD BLISHEN

Home Chat

We thank you for your sweet MS,
And tho' with deep regretfulness
It back to you we needs must send,
Cheer up, the bright World will not end!
Gay birds sing still, fair sunsets glow,
So let it hearten you to know,
Contributor, that this rejection
Upon your skill casts no reflection.

NANCY GUNTER

Punch

Your contribution is refused
We thank you, but are not amused.

Woman's Own

Your poem sent to *Woman's Own*
Has not the strictly moral tone
Our readers look for every week.
Our aim is *tonic* so to speak,
And bracing thoughts on God or Spring,
Love, Nature, Children, are the thing—
Our Editor all verse rejects
On crime/vice/squalor/smut/or sex*.

* Delete where inapplicable.

P. M.

Tiny Tots

The Ed-it-or of Ti-ny Tots
Says thank-you, mis-ter*, lots and lots.
To send this in was ver-y kind,
And he is sure you will not mind
If now he sends it back to you,
To tell you why it will not do.
The words a clev-er au-thor writes
Are ra-ther hard for lit-tle mites.

* Or la-dy, as the case may be.

LESLIE JOHNSON

The Naturist

Dear Sir, The Editor regrets to have to turn you down,
But note—page 1, line 17—"she wore a worried frown";
Then, "clothed in contemplation" (see page 2), "Nathaniel Burke"
(Although a naturist), you say, was "wrapped up in his work."
Again (page 4, line 23), the lawyer, What's-his-name
When apprehended by the police, was covered (*sic*) in shame!
And when we find the constable himself saw fit to "dress"
Though but "in brief authority"—take back that foul MS!

D. R. PEDDY

The Chess Board

No. 320 Grasping a Tactical Chance

Last week we saw a strategic conception carried to fruition straight from the opening and through the transition from the middle-game to a clearly won ending. Here now—Pachmann-Najdorf, Mar del Plata 1955—is an example of a tactical opportunity gratuitously given and speedily grasped.

(1) P-K4	P-QB4	(5) B-Kt2	B-Kt5
(2) Kt-QB3	P-Q3	(6) KKt-K2? (P-B3!)	Kt-Q5
(3) P-Q3	Kt-QB3	(7) O-O? (P-KR3!)	Kt-B6 ch
(4) P-KKt3	Kt-B3	(8) K-R1	P-KR4!

Black has got and grasped his chance, and the pay-off comes soon enough, though he could have speeded it even more on his next move. No space to analyse the consequences of (9) . . . P-R5 and other interesting variations which readers, no doubt, will find out for themselves.

(9) P-KR3	P-K4?(P-R5!)	(15) P-B4	P x P
(10) Kt-Q5? (B-K3!)	Kt x Kt	(16) P x P	R x P ch!
(11) P x Kt	Q-Q2	(17) B x R	Q-R4
(12) Kt-B3 (Kt-Kt1?)	Q-B4	(18) Q-R4 ch	K-B1
(13) B-K3	P-R5	(19) R x Kt	Q x B ch
(14) Kt-K4	B-K2!	(20) resigns	

Now here—Petrosjan-Keres in the recent Göteborg tournament—is another game, remarkable for the quick exploitation of a tactical opportunity.

(1) P-Q4	Kt-KB3	(8) Kt-QR4	P x P
(2) P-QB4	P-K3	(9) P x P	B-K2
(3) Kt-QB3	B-Kt5	(10) B-B4	Kt-K5
(4) P-K3	P-QKt3	(11) Kt-B3	P-Q4
(5) Kt-B3	B-Kt2	(12) P x P	Kt x Kt?
(6) B-Q3	P-B4	(13) P x Kt	Q x P?
(7) 0-0	0-0		

Black should have retaken with the P at once, instead of relinquishing his hold on the centre. Watch now how quickly White gets the opponent's Q into trouble, (to say nothing of his threat to get his QR over to the other side).

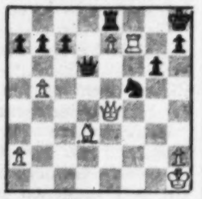
(14) R-K1	Kt-B3	(18) Q-Kt1!	Q x P
(15) R-Kt1!	KR-Q1	(19) R-Kt3	Q-R4
(16) R-Kt5	Q x RP	(20) R-Kt5	Q-B6
(17) R-K2	Q-R6	(21) R-Kt3?	Q-R4

Fearing time trouble and further complications Petrosjan was content with a draw by repetition; but as the *post mortem* (by such knowledgeable kibitzers as Kotov, Flohr, Pilnik, O'Kelly, Donner, Schmid and others) revealed, White needn't have been afraid to grasp his second tactical chance by

(19) B x P ch	K-B1	(21) R x Q	Kt-K7ch
(20) R-B2!	Kt x P! (Q-R6?)	(22) K-R1	Kt x R

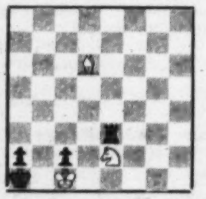
After (23) Q-Kt2, Kt x R. (24) Q x Kt, R-Q4. (25) Q-Kt1, QR-Q1. (26) B-B2, followed by P-R4 White would have had a clearly won game.

A: L. Herrmann 1953

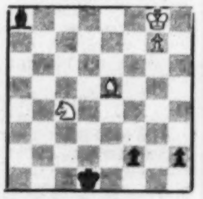


The 4-pointer for beginners is a game-position in which White certainly grasped a tactical chance to force a very neat and quick conclusion. How? **B** (for 6 ladder-points) is yet another famous 3-mover to whet the non-addicts' appetite for problems. **C**—White to draw—is a no less famous study, and whoever doesn't know it will have to work hard for his 7 points.

B: von Holzhausen



C: Henri Rinck



Usual prizes. Entries by November 28.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 317. Set October 29

A: (1) . . . B-K6 ch, (2) K-B1, Q x Kt ch, (3) P x Q, B-R6 mate.

B: (1) Kt-K4, Q-B6, (2) P queens, Q x Q, (3) Kt-B6, P x Kt. (4) P-B3 mate.

if (3) . . . Q-QKt1, (4) P-B3 ch, K x P, (5) Kt-Q7 ch.

if other Q-moves, White prepares the mate by either Kt-Q7 or P-B4.

C: (1) R-R7 ch, K-B1, (2) R-R8 ch, K x P, (3) P-K6 ch, K x P, (4) K-K4, Kt-K4, (5) P-Q4, R-B5, (6) R-R6 ch, B x R, stalemate.

Most competitors partly or wholly stumped by **B** and/or **C**. Prizes shared by W. H. L. Brooking, G. S. Fisher, J. R. Harman, C. Sandberg. No less flawless solutions from D. E. Cohen, A. J. Roycroft.

ASSIAC

PERSONAL

YOUNG Scots doctor (30) tired of locum work would like to return to London or environs, and to a congenial assistantship with prospects. Box 1061.

AFRICAN student sks. loan £150-£200 from liberal-minded person/organisation. Reg. monthly repayments g'teed. Box 972.

TAPE Recorder Group sought, possibly N. & N.W. London. Box 1111.

STUDENT offered furn. rm. for part-time help. 688 Finchley Rd., N.W.11.

COUNTRY home & remuneration return caretaking. Nr. Birmingham. Jan.-Mar., 1956. Box 1206.

EXPERIENCED traveller (f. 30's) sought by woman planning spring tour Egypt/Near East. £150 app. Or Spain. Box 1148.

AUSTRALIA (Sydney) for two years. Prof. family, 4 children, sailing April, will take someone to help with children, housework. Live as family. Box 1127.

WRITER would like to find a family in the Country who would welcome him as a paying guest. Not more than two hours from London. Full particulars to Box 1204.

XMAS. Would few yng. people like to make up mutually beneficial party in lge. hse. Kent Coast? Full partics. & interests exch. Share min. exps. & chores. Box 1202.

REGULAR Holiday Foster Home, preferably in the Home Counties, urgently required for two brothers, aged 11 and 13, who during term-time are pupils in a boarding school. The boys are without parents and are greatly in need of an understanding, sympathetic couple, who would be prepared to take a parental interest in their welfare and progress and give them a happy, active holiday period. Reply as fully as possible to the Children's Officer, County Council of East Ham, 36 Barking Road, East Ham, E.6.

REQUIRED for group of French schoolchildren, holiday accom. in boarding school Home Counties, where they would be able to mix with English children. Sports, social amen., good living conditions essential; also poss. of English tuition. July and/or Aug.; poss. also part of Sept. Full particulars please to Box 1089.

BOYS & girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, now at The Manor House, Bradninch, Exeter, Elizabeth Strachan, Hele 390.

UNIVERSITY Skiing Party. Hoch/Solden, Austria. Dec. 30. Two weeks, £32 incl. Insurance, ski-hire, tuition, full board, travel. Further details, J. N. Stevens, Trinity College, Cambridge.

SPAIN, Majorca, Ibiza for Autumn sunshine. 15 days from £34 10*s.* including travel, full pension, etc. Free Guide & prog. from New Vistas Travel Service, Uxbridge Rd., Hampton, Middx. Molesey 2105.

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CHRISTMAS/New Year Holidays: do you want to spend Christmas or New Year on a ski-ing holiday in a typical Austrian village, enjoy Parisian Christmas gaiety or the informal atmosphere of a house party in Britain? Our arrangements will be the answer to your problem. Write for full details now. Erna Low, 47 (NS) Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

THE Isles of Greece. The Society for Hellenic Travel's Spring Cruise (open to non-members) will leave by chartered ship on March 27, 1956, for 18 days. Four distinguished scholars from British Universities will accompany the Cruise, which will visit Delphi, Athens, Paros, Naxos, Melos, Santorin, Crete, Rhodes, Cos, Patmos, Myconos, Delos, Aegina, Epidaurus, Mycenae, Corinth and Corfu. Inclusive prices from 75*gns.* Full particulars from the organisers and Sole Agents to the Society: Fairways & Swinford (Travel), Ltd. (Dept. NS.31), 10 Hanover Street, London, W.1. Tel.: MAYfair 6801.

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FRENCH lessons and conv. by French gentleman, Univ. graduate. Box 1149.

PERSONAL—continued

GUITAR Lessons. Chesnakov, 48a, Cathcart Rd., S.W.10. FLA. 4354.

MATHS for Matric., Inter. Rustomjee, 2 Carlingford Rd., N.W.3. HAM. 0210. 6 Rectory Avenue, High Wycombe. H.W. 1436.

"CHAUCER & his Times": Dec. 9-11, at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon; also another Pottery Course with Pauline. Please note Xmas now booked up but some places free for Italian Week-end (Dec. 16) & New Year Square Dancing.

FILM Training Unit. Full prof. training. Group Two now forming. Heatherleys, 33 Warwick Square, S.W.1. VIC. 6077.

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SHORT Story Writing. Send 2½*d.* for "Stories that Sell Today" (a special bulletin) & prospectus world-famous course. Regent Institute (B/191), Palace Gate, W.8.

"KNOW-HOW" means Writing Success for you. No Sale—No Fees tuition. Free N.2 "Know-How Guide to Writing Success" from B.A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 124 New Bond Street, W.1.

MISS OLLIVIER. Colonic irrigation. Open until 8 p.m. MAYfair 1085.

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YOUR Speech and Accent troubles diagnosed & full home-treatment prescribed. Mod. consultation fee; no lessons. Box 1050.

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IS your son named David? To all parents of happy Davids we would say "Please send us a donation to help some other David who is not as fortunate as yours." The N.S.P.C.C., Room 68, Victory House, Leicester Square, London.

WRITERS' Guild (International Writers' Fellowship), Founded 1939 to assist the New Author, Agency, Expert Tuition and Revisions, Raymond Buxton, Guild House, Ross-on-Wye.

FOR the best Christmas Cards come to Caravel Press, Moxon St., London, W.1.

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MODERN Contact Lens Centre, 7(T) Endsleigh Court, W.C.1. Booklet sent. Deferred terms.

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PUBLISH your own book. Publisher offers facilities/advice. Box 4896.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

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This story is, in its way, a "who-dun-it". The Go-Devil Detective is a flameproof panel that lights up and blows a klaxon when an irradiated piston—or 'Go-Devil'—reaches a certain position in an oil pipeline: the Bangkok Tram has a pre-fabricated body which reached Thailand in a box and was assembled in an hour or so. Can you detect the connection? Both were made by companies in two Divisions of Tube Investments.

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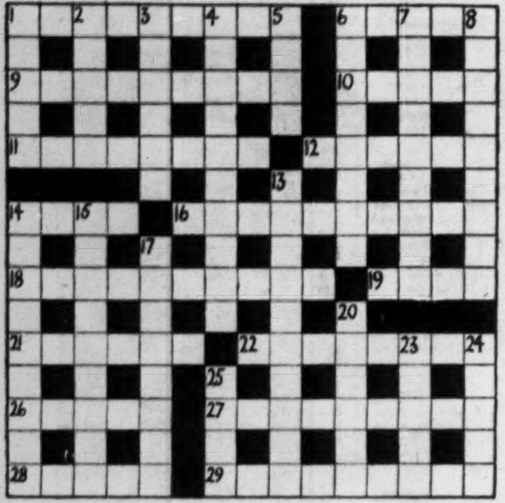
Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 179, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Nov 29.



ACROSS

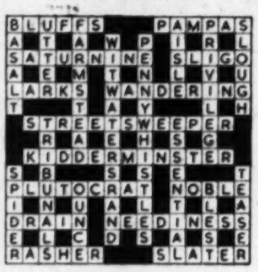
1. Memorial for a Dickensian villain (9).
6. Provide food for the council (5).
9. Regards as caught in a legitimate position before the Royal Society (9).
10. Maintain I am in fish (5).
11. A peculiarity of speech and perhaps the company smiles (8).
12. Murderer who could be beheaded for a hen? (6).
14. Get the gun ready for shooting the bird (4).
16. A very old man the reverse of healthy follows me like this (10).
18. One lost in the realms of darkness makes a literary man languish (10).
19. Doctrines which all end up in the same way (4).
21. Island empire-builder (6).
22. Confounds the confounded grandees (8).
26. Leaves out the captains (5).
27. One who does not work all day with two men in her embrace (9).
28. " Allow not nature more than nature —— " (*King Lear*) (5).
29. A short passage about setting fire to a house (9).

DOWN

1. Drudges discover the first letter in high school (5).
2. Make a cancellation for a rising actor (5).
3. Half the school has the sense to change (6).
4. Stays in bed late possibly making the lover see what follows the letter (10).
5. " The Frenchman, ——, debonair, and brisk " (Cowper) (4).
6. The kind of gown not to give so much support? (8).
7. Everyone is embracing a queen or a shepherdess (9).
8. Crazily cheers mad changes of policy (9).
13. Minister has an opportunity to make a revolution up (10).
14. Salute a knight up on a war-horse's covering (9).
15. Reptile with somewhere to swim up in a philosopher (9).
17. In the U.S. they provide protection for the lowlands between rivers (8).
20. A pattern on the skin from a beating (6).
23. Letter the lower classes frequently get (5).
24. River party (5).
25. Exchange a seal (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 177



PRIZEWINNERS TO NO. 177

J. S. Bishop (Welshpool), R. A. D. Forrest (Harlow), Wm. J. Young (Amersham)

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. from p. 688

UNIVERSITY of Cambridge. Residential Course on " Shakespeare and his Theatre." An advanced course for Teachers and other students of Shakespeare at Madingley Hall, Cambridge, Dec. 29, 1955-Jan. 5, 1956. Lectures and discussions will be provided on: Henry IV, Part II; Hamlet; Twelfth Night; Coriolanus; and on recent research on Shakespeare and his Theatre. Fee for the course including cost of residence at Madingley Hall, £6 10s. Further information may be obtained from the Secretary, Board of Extra-Mural Studies, Stuart House, Cambridge.

UNIVERSITY of London Institute of Education. Applications for admission in October 1956 to the undermentioned full time courses should be made as soon as possible to: The Registrar, University of London Institute of Education, Malet Street, W.C.1, from whom further details may be obtained. The courses are intended for qualified teachers with not less than five years' experience; successful candidates will be eligible to apply for financial assistance as set out in the Ministry of Education Administrative Memorandum No. 488 of February 1955. Advanced Course—Department of Child Development; Diploma in Method and Content of Health Education; Diploma in the Education of Handicapped Children with special ref. to needs of: (a) Educationally Subnormal Children, or (b) Maladjusted Children; Course in Education of Children in the Junior School.

TRAINING in Educational and Clinical Psychology. Applications are invited from suitably qualified people for a three-term training as psychologists in the field of Child Guidance. The training will take place within Child Guidance Clinics. Some grants are available. Applicants must be over 25 years and should have an Honours Degree in Psychology or equivalent psychological qualifications, together with previous experience of responsible work with children. Forms of application, together with further particulars, from The Education Secretary, National Association for Mental Health, 39 Queen Anne Street, London W.1. Applns. to be returned by December 31, 1955.

MARLBOROUGH Gate Secretarial College offers an intensive secretarial training to Graduates and other well-educated girls. Small classes, expert tutors, individual attention, exeellent results. Languages and foreign shorthand. Private Secretarial posts obtained. Interview by appointment only. Prospectus from Principal, Mrs. M. K. Monypenny, L. es. L., 62 Bayswater Road, London, W.2. (PAD. 3320.)

SWITZERLAND. Holiday Courses in French will be held during Christmas holidays & throughout the year for yng. people over 15. Lge., sunny chalet in mountains (3,500 ft.); winter sports; gd. plentiful food. H. Tuyn, Les Volets Jaunes, Chateau-d'Oex.

LONDON University and other Exams. University Correspondence College prepares students for General Certificate of Education (for Entrance, Faculty requirements, or Direct Entry to Degree), Inter. & Final Exams. for B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., B.Sc.Soc., LL.B., and Diplomas, G.C.E. (all Levels, all other Examining Bodies), Law. Prosp. from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

EVENING Classes: drawing & painting in large studio at the Byam Shaw School, Campden St., Kensington, W.8 (PARk 4711). Tues. & Wed., 7-9.30, individ. lessons from models, still-life, flowers, etc.: Thurs., 7.30-9.30, practice sessions from the model without tuition. Students may join at any time.

LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—*continued*

FOREIGN Languages. New term private & class tuition daily 9 a.m.-9 p.m. London Schools for Languages, 20/21 Princes St., Hanover Sq., W.1. MAY. 2120.

GIRLS who wish to perfect their languages with a view to working abroad are recommended to train at St. Godric's College for Secretaries and Linguists, where they will have excellent facilities for studying both languages and secretarial work and for meeting students from all over the world. Intensive Courses for univ. graduates. New courses January 5. Day and residential students. Canteen. Apply J. W. Loveridge, M.A.(Cantab.), St. Godric's College, 2 Arkwright Rd., London, N.W.3.

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INTENSIVE individual training in secretarial subjects for graduates and others, 6 months' and 14 weeks' courses begin at frequent intervals. Davies, White Lodge, 2 Addison Road, W.14 (Tel. PARk 8392).

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FRENCH and German taught by qualified teacher. Sarah Herling, Ph.D., 7 Brondesbury Villas, N.W.6. MAI. 4657.

LATIN, Greek and German for all grades by professional tutor. Box 1170.

HAVE you a Grasshopper Mind? A mind that nibbles at everything and masters nothing. Pelmanism will enable you to concentrate and develop your mental powers generally. Reduced fees for H.M. Forces. Write for a free copy of " The Science of Success," which describes the Course. Pelman Institute, 67 Norfolk Mansions, Wigmore St., W.1.

ST. Peter's Loft, St. Ives, Cornwall. Fine Art training studio and workshop. Peter Lanyon—William Redgrave—Terry Frost, Drawing, Painting, Portraiture, Still Life, Abstraction, Landscape, Preparation of materials, Lectures. Accommodation arranged.

SHORTHAND-typing courses, mornings, beg. Jan. 1956. N.-Western Polytechnic, Prince of Wales Rd., N.W.5. GUL. 1154.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

CONTENTS of November " Plebs." " The New Towns," by John Parker, M.P.; " Mr. Butler's Crisis," by Paul Derrick; " Education—A New Primer," by Anne Forbes; " Industrial Law—1," by W. L. Taylor, B.L., J.P.; " Labour's Future—What are the Facts? " by Ian Clark and Arthur Woodburn, M.P.; " This Wicked World," by J. P. M. Millar; Pars from the Press and Reviews, etc. " Plebs " is 6*d*., by post 7½*d*. or 7*s*. a year, from the N.C.L.C., Tillicoultry, Scotland.

FUTURE: new Socialist mthly. 6*d*. copy, 7*s*. 6*d*. ann. sub., p. free. By and for Lab. Party mems. 10 Gt. Ormond St., W.C.1.

SAMUEL Beckett's " Molloy," novel by London's most discussed playwright. " Prophet of startling, scorching vitality " . . . " Goes farther and deeper than the play " Manchester Guardian. Special English Edition: 14*s*. 6*d*. post free. France Features, 15 New Row, London, W.C.2.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms; Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—*continued*

WHAT now for " Labour After Margate "? A brilliant study of new trends by R. Palme Dutt in the November Labour Monthly. Also articles on " Automation and Socialism," the Soviet Union's peace policy, Ivor Montagu on developments amongst colonial peoples, and further Unpublished Letters by Engels. Order 1*s*. 6*d*. all newsagents. Or 9*s*. for half-year's postal subscription from N.S., 134 Ballards Lane, London, N.3.

" NATURE Cure from the Inside," by James C. Thomson. " Something interesting on every page—a great book." By post 8*s*. from Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

" THE Nation," America's leading Liberal Weekly. Subcriptions £2 16*s*. 3*d*. yearly, may be sent through the Publisher, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Specimen copy on request.

WISE Investment follows wise reading. Weigh up prospects by reading the Investors' Chronicle, the best-informed and widest read financial weekly. Two issues free from 56 Investors' Chronicle House, 11 Grocers' Hall Court, London, E.C.2.

UNITARIANS. What do they believe? Information and literature on receipt of stamp, from Mrs. Dickin, 17a Hermitage St., Crewkerne, Somerset.

BOOKS, 2nd-hand, posted. Write for lists. Silverdale, 47 Bank St., Glasgow.

WE buy libraries of any description; particularly on Left movements & Russia. The Hammersmith Bkshop., W.6. RIV. 6807.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

BOOKS for Christmas. Write for free illustrated catalogue. Zwemmer's Bookshop, 78 Charing Cross Road, W.C.2.

PROPERTIES TO LET AND WANTED

MUSWELL Hill. Furn. flat 2/3 bus. ladies. 4½*gns*. TUD. 2762 after 7 p.m.

TO let furnished 1-2 years or possibly more, 6 room house between Haslemere & Midhurst. Elsan but main elec. & water, bath, garage, garden, orchard, paddock. 5*gns*. p.w. inc. gardener. Box 935.

ALDEBURGH, Suffolk. Furnished labour-saving flat for 4; also maisonette for 6, both cent. heated, 4*gns*. each. Lady C., 18 Kens. Park Gdns., W.1. PARk 4710.

WRITER, social worker, wants cottage furn./unfurn., part house, or flat within 75 m. London. Good tenants. Refs. Box 1099.

UNIVERSITY Lecturer reqs. unfurn./part-furn. flat in/nr. London. Box 1052.

WANTED Jan., S/C., part-furn. homely flat. 3 adults. Mod. rent. Box 1156.

WTD. Small c.h. unf. flat Lond. or promising shambles for conversion. Box 1102.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

BETWEEN Oxford and Aylesbury. Doubtless subject to a £400 grant in each case. (a) Cottage residence, 5 rooms and bathroom. Main electricity connected. Company's water available. Attractive woodland area and fish pond, giving useful coarse fishing. 2½ acres. Freehold £1,100. (b) Small lodge of 5 rooms, main water and electricity available; large walled garden including four peach houses, greenhouses, etc. 3½ acres. Freehold £650. Early sales reqd. of these bargain properties. Apply to Sole Agents, Jackson-Stops, Cirencester. (Tel. 334/5.)

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

BOARDING Accommodation with social amenities for ladies and gentlemen under 35, from 47*s*. 6*d*. to 85*s*., partial board. Applic. forms and information: Belsize Residential Clubs, 13 Belsize Ave., N.W.3.

ADVERTISER (lady) wishes to meet business or professional lady requiring comfortable bed-sittingroom in pleasant furnished flat with use of kitchen and bath, St. John's Wood. 4*gns*. per week. Box 1139.

BRONDESBURY Park, N.W.6. Lge. pleas. divan-rms. H. & C. bas. Bkfst., din. Bus. people/studs. From 3½*gns*. LAD. 2809.

ASHLEY Court, 7 Leinster Square, W.2. Phone BAY. 4253. Lux. Serv. rooms, bed, breakfast, dinner optional. Moderate.

HAMPSTEAD, nr. Heath, tube. Furn. bed-sitt. for girl; share bath, kit. with two others. SWI. 2013 evenings, weekend.

LARGE divan sitting-room. 35*s*. Use kitchen, & daily service available. References. Swiss Cottage. Box 1098.

LONDON. Professional people seeking a well-appointed room with meals, close West End, should call at Park House, 143 Holland Park Ave., W.11. PARK 6280.

BEDROOM and sitting-room to let. Cooking facils., use bath, tel. HAM. 3032.

DR. offers single b/sit. g/f. flat. Prof. lady. Own ckg. fac. S.W.16. TUL 7030.

B/S., own elec-grill, use bath and tel. Pleas. sit. Nr. bus/tube, S.W.12. Box 1104.

WELL-furnished divan-room, graduate household, use k. & b., c.h.w. Suit professional woman. GLA 5131.

LONDON. York House Private Hotel, 27 Philbeach Gardens, Earls Court, S.W.5. Tel. FRO. 7579. B. & B. from 15*s*. daily.

HIGHGATE Woods. Beautiful divan-rooms. 2*gns*. single, 3*gns*. double. Ladies preferred. Refs. exchanged. TUDor 8207.

2 girls (graduates) wtd. to share Chelsea flat. £3 10*s*. p.w. each. Box 1133.

LGE. well-f. sgle. b/s., c.h., N.W.6. Use kit., gdn., bath, tel. Refs. Box 1177.

SMART Bed-Sitt.-room, contemp. furn., conc. basin & cooker, no linen, 2 min. Golders Green. £3 3*s*., incl. hot water & light, bath, teleph.—HENdon 8479.

ROOM to let. Clapham South. 37*s*. 6*d*. No service. BATtersea 3565.

FURNISHED bed-sitting room, East Sheen, suitable for male student, £2 10*s*. inclusive. Ring PRO. 5491, after 9 p.m.

HOMELY lodgings wtd. in London from early Dec. for Swiss youth (20). Box 1235.

BACHELOR, 26, reqs. flatlet/large room, willing share. Pref. Hampstead/S.W. SHO. 6001, week-days before 5 p.m.

COULD anyone offer unfurn./semi-furn. room, ckg. fac., for mid.-aged woman tcher; wd. help w. children occas. SHE. 5658.

CANADIAN, 27, B.A. Cantab., completing book, sks. warm, large rm., kitchen/flat, cent. Lond. (or Cambridge area), up to £6 wkly. All answers appreciated. Box 1145.

EALING/Hounslow. Wanted: B/S & tel. by bus. woman & cycle. Box 1142.

MANCHESTER. Young man seeks accommodation in or near Manchester from Mons. to Fris. from end November. Box 818.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

AUSTRALIA—University of Melbourne. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in History and Philosophy of Science in the Department of History and Methods of Science. The salary range will be £A1,300 to £A1,800 per annum, with superannuation similar to F.S.S.U. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London is December 16, 1955.

AUSTRALIA—University of Sydney. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer/Senior Lecturer in Veterinary Physiology. Preference may be given to a candidate with experience in endocrine or reproductive physiology. The salary for a Lecturer is within the range of £A1,200—£A80—£A1,750 per annum; for a Senior Lecturer, £A1,800—£A70—£A2,150 per annum. The salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Finance available for home purchase under Staff Members' Housing Scheme. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is Dec. 19, 1955.

B.B.C. invites applications for post of Head of Music Programmes, Television, to work direct to Controller of Programmes, Television, and to maintain liaison with Corporation's Controller of Music on policy and standards. The department is concerned with use of music for entertainment, primarily in fields of opera and operetta, ballet and other dancing. Duties comprise administration of Television Music Department, inspiration, co-ordination and control of output, developments of new methods of representing all kinds of music and dance in television programmes, maintaining contact with worlds of music and dance here and overseas. Salary £1,805 rising by 5 annual increments to £2,310 p.a.; for candidate with exceptional qualifications and experience, however, consideration might be given to appointment at higher grade. Limited term contract considered. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "1357 N.Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 5 days.

BRITISH Council requires Assistant for editorial staff of "British Medical Bulletin" in London. Duties include marking all copy for printers, and checking proofs. Experience on medical or scientific journal or in medical bibliography and accuracy in detailed work essential. Inclusive starting salary up to £538 (men) or £516 (women) at age 25 or over, rising on present scales to £815 or possibly to £870 (for men and women). Pension Scheme. Write, quoting "Medical" and enclosing a stamped addressed foolscap envelope to the Director, Personnel Department, The British Council, 65 Davies Street, London, W.1, for applic. form which should be returned completed by Dec. 2, 1955.

THE University of Leeds. Deparment of Adult Education and Extra-Mural Studies. Applications are invited for an appointment as Administrative Assistant in the Department of Adult Education and Extra-Mural Studies at a salary on the scale £500 × £25—£800 a year, according to qualifications and experience. Candidates should have a good Honours degree in History, Economics or Sociology and it is intended that the administrative assistant shall undertake a small amount of extra-mural teaching. Applications (three copies) stating date of birth, qualifications and experience, together with the names of three referees, should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds 2 (from whom further particulars may be obtained) not later than December 3, 1955.

THE North Wales Hospital for Nervous and Mental Disorders, Denbigh. Applications are invited for the post of Psychiatric Social Worker in the above hospital. Candidates must hold the Certificate of a recognised Course of Training. Salary and conditions of service are according to the current Whitley Council scale. Duties include all usual hospital work together with Out Patient and After-Care cases in the five counties of North Wales. The department which is established for four P.S.W.s, has good office accommodation, a full-time Secretary and two cars. The present staff consists of two P.S.W.s and a Social Worker in training. Applications giving details of qualifications and experience, together with the names of two referees, should be sent to the Medical Superintendent.

THE National Association for the Paralysed reqs. General Secretary (man), starting Jan. 1, 1956. Apply in writing to 1 York Street, W.1, with brief dets. of experience.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—*continued*

BRIGHTON: Art Gallery, Museum and the Royal Pavilion. Appointment of Assistant Curator. Applications are invited for the permanent post of Assistant Curator, in Grade IV of the A.P.T. Division (£700-£825). Candidates should possess a university degree or the Diploma of the Museums Association or the equivalent and have considerable museum experience. Further particulars and an application form may be obtained from Clifford Musgrave, F.L.A., F.M.A., Director, Art Gallery and Museum, Brighton. W. O. Dodd, Town Clerk.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in Russian Studies, with special qualifications in Russian Language and Literature. Salary scale £550 to £650 per annum, with membership of the Federated Superannuation System for Universities and the Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than November 26, 1955, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

ACCOUNTANT required. The Co-operative Wholesale Society, Ltd., requires a qualified Accountant to be responsible for the accounts of its Meat Department, which operates nationally with headquarters in London. The candidate will be responsible to the Departmental Manager for the functional control and direction of all clerical staff at depots and in area offices, and directly for the administration of the clerical staff at London Headquarters, where there is a punched card installation. Duties would embrace the integration of the accounting and costing arrangements of the sales and productive units of the Department and the preparation of control statistics for Management. Applications are invited from candidates aged 30-45 years; will be treated in strictest confidence and should be made to the Secretary and Executive Officer, 1 Balloon Street, Manchester, 4, stating salary required.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE County Council. Education Committee. Applications are invited for the post of Librarian at the Saxondale Hospital, Radcliffe, Notts. Applicants should be chartered librarians and/or possess appropriate qualifications in Social Science. Salary £500 × £20—£580 per annum. Application forms and further particulars may be obtained from Director of Educ., County Hall, Trent Bridge, Nottingham. Closing date Dec. 3, 1955. A. R. Davis, Clerk of the County Council, Shire Hall, Nottingham.

EAST Sussex County Council. Applications are invited from married couples, preferably with training and experience (with not more than one child), or from a single man for appointment at Marle Place, Burgess Hill, a Reception Centre for the observation of the physical and mental condition of 30 children aged 5-17. The man should be interested in outdoor sport. Annual salary scales—Housefather £395-£455; Housemother £350-£410; deduction of £108 per annum for board and lodging in each case. Appointments are superannuable and subject to medical examination. Particulars obtainable (S.A.E.) from Children's Officer, County Hall, Lewes, to whom application forms should be returned within fourteen days of the appearance of this advertisement.

CITY of Birmingham Children's Committee. Appointment of Children's Visitors. Owing to promotion of present staff to senior posts, applications are invited from suitably qualified men and women for appointment as Children's Visitors on salary scale APT.II, £560-£640. Further particulars and conditions of service can be obtained from the Children's Officer, 102 Edmund Street, Birmingham, 3. Closing date for applications—November 30, 1955.

HANDCRAFT Instructress (resident) required for Rehabilitation Centre for the Blind, Torquay. Knowledge of elementary basket work, leather work and weaving an advantage. Also willing to help with social activities of Centre. Apply Principal, Manor House, Middle Lincombe Road, Torquay.

YOUTH Hostel Wardens. The Lakeland Group of the Youth Hostels Association requires applications from married couples & single men and women interested in appointments as asst. youth hostel wardens. Write Secretary, 9 Middlehow, Rosthwaite, Keswick.

ASSISTANT House Mothers, resident, wanted for interesting work in Children's Homes with boys and girls aged 5-15 years. Training or previous experience desirable but not essential. Minimum salary £26 10s. a month, less valuation of emoluments. Separate bedrooms and good holidays. Apply Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

THE Irene Forster Agency, 66 Marchmont St., W.C.1. TERminus 8566. (Conducted by former headmistress). Employment in schools, institutions, associations. Lect. & concert agent for clubs, colleges, schools.

THE Queen Elizabeth Hospital for Children, Hackney Road, E.2, requires a medical secretary and an almoner's clerk-S/H Typist, for interesting work connected with social and hospital services. Starting salary from £285 p.a. (age 21) to £320 p.a. according to age and experience, on scale rising to £420 p.a. in each case. Apply in writing to Secretary.

SECRETARY required by editor of juvenile books, London publishers. Publishing experience an advantage, but not essential. Write, stating age, experience and salary required. Box 1268.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—*continued*

MARKET Research. A large West End Advertising Agency is looking for an Honours Graduate (Male) in Economics and Statistics to join its Market Research Department. Applicants should have some previous practical experience in this field, while wider experience in the world of commerce will be an advantage. The position calls for initiative and personality, carries a good salary, is pensionable and offers opportunities for the future. Apply with full details to Box 858.

UNITED Nations Association requires Regional Officer for Midlands. £495 × £25 to £645. Speaker, organiser, knowledge internat. affairs. Form and conditions on receipt f'scap. s.a.e. to U.N.A., 25 Charles St., London, W.1. Last date Nov. 25.

EDUCATION Department of the London Co-operative Society require Cook/Housekeeper and Gardener/Handyman for their Education Centre, Highgate. Joint wage of £9 weekly, with accommodation; light and heating provided. The Centre is used for short- and long-term residential courses for children and adults. Full details and forms of application from: Education Secretary, 34 Tavistock Square, W.C.1. Closing date of application December 3, 1955.

FAMILY Service Units requires immediately -assistant to General Secretary. Variety of general office duties involving initiative and responsibility. Must be interested in social work. Write stating age and experience to the Sec., F.S.U., 25 St. Mary's Grove, N.1.

SECRETARY, organising (female) for Edinburgh Cripple and Invalid Children's Aid Society. Experience essential. Pension scheme. Apply with copy references, stating salary expected, to L. G. Langwill, C.A., 19 Melville Street, Edinburgh.

SECRETARY required immediately in Edinburgh for voluntary organisation. Age 30-45. Minimum salary £450 per annum. Initiative, imagination and organising ability essential. Please send references and qualifications to "Secretary," 3 Howe Street, Edinburgh, 3.

ANIMAL Welfare Society has vacancy for well-educated intelligent young man or woman. Ability to speak and write essential. Preference university graduate. Starting sal. £500-£600. Good prospects. Box 1087.

REPRESENTATIVE for screw products. London and suburbs. Experienced in trade prefd. Good progressive position, sal. and commission. Pension scheme. Write, "Rep.", Telco, Ltd., 3 Newman St., W.1.

TRIBUNE urgently needs a female clerical worker for a highly responsible post. Salary according to ability. FLE. 2572.

PROGRESSIVE writer working on interesting book seeks co-operation of intelligent woman. Knowledge typing, research, writing, essential. Box 1199.

M.P. journalist sks. expd., well-educated secretary. Full-time or part-time. Knowl. of French an advantage. Box 1210.

SEC. shorthand/typist for well-known Concert Agency, well-educated, able work own initiative, age over 25. Box 1165.

WELL-educated young lady required at end of year by Jewish philanthropic organization in Westminster. Must be a proficient shorthand-typist in both English and French and capable of general office duties. Interesting post, good salary, five-day week. Apply, giving details of exper., to Box 1007.

YOUNG lady between 18 and 19 required in the Publicity Department of the Decca Record Co., Ltd., 1-3 Brixton Road, London, S.W.9. Pref. with knowledge of music & typing. Apply in writing to Mrs. Richardson.

NATIONAL Union of Students requires trained shorthand/typist (previous experience not essential) for varied and interesting work. Apply in writing, Gen. Sec., N.U.S., 3 Endsleigh Street, W.C.1.

WESTMINSTER Solicitors req. shorthand-typist, full- or part-time. ABB. 4806.

SECRETARY/Shorthand-Typist for Zionist Women's Organisation, must be reliable, ability to work on own initiative an advantage. Please apply: Miss Langer, PRI. 9632.

INTELLIGENT junior shorthand-typist, gd. typing speed essential, for small organisation specialising in science news. Adaptable pleasant person who can cope with rush work for press. Sal. by arrangement. MAY. 4734.

£6-£12. Interesting posts. Call at once. Mayfair Secretarial College, 57 Duke St., W.1. MAYfair 6626.

NOT so young and even undeniably elderly applicants (m. & f.) nevertheless do find work through the Stella Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. TRAfalgar 9090.

CUTLERY & silverware manufacturers have vacancy in London showroom for lady. 5-day week. Box 812.

NEGRO nanny wtd. to help mother with 2 yng. children & small hsehold. Friendly home, own rm. Refs. HAM 9424/Box 1121.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

WOMAN sec. 40 reqs. post (10-5 p.m.) 4 wks. unpd. ann. hol. Ex. refs. Box 1208.

EMPLOYERS requiring well-trained junior secretary/shorthand typists are invited to apply to the Langham Secretarial College, 18 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. Tel. MAYfair 2905

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—*continued*

HUNGARIAN widow, 45, degrees in education and nursing, at present in France, seeks position with children or as housekeeper. Excellent cook. Box 102, Transglobe Press, 80 Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

B.A., Dip. Ed. (m. 24), athletic, musical discip. Homer Lane, sks. post. Box 1093.

ANY interesting offers? I am 25, hold a Domestic Science Diploma with special qualifications in needlework & design, have teaching experience, knowledge of advertising and ability to type. Box 1215.

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

WHEN in Florence stay at Pensione Ichino, Piazza Pitti 14. Quiet, cheap, central, ideal for students.

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead. A good holiday will make all the difference to the winter. The best air in Sussex and wonderful food will make you eat like a horse. Club licence. Sharpthorne 17.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 20 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure, Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sussex. Tel. Robertsbridge 126. Book now for Xmas.

ST. IVES, Cornwall. Accommodation in artists' house. Redgrave, 1 Island Rd.

IDEAL for late Autumn holidays. "Chantry Mead," Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford (Hatfield Heath 263), offers good food, comf., warmth, delightful surroundings.

THE Vegetarian Restaurant, 12 Earls Court Road, W.8, is open evenings 6-9 p.m. (Mon.-Fri.). Hot savouries, excellent sweets, fresh salads attractively served at low prices. Lunches 12-2.15 p.m. Yogis, Aesthetes, Existentialists, Lowbrows, Polite Cannibals and New Statesman Readers are invited to indulge. Buses 9, 73, 27, 28, 31, 49.

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, Hampstead. Co-education 3 to 18. Full or weekly boarding and day school. Headmaster, James Cunningham East, M.A.

WELL-BALANCED preparation for the great School of Mankind—Life itself—is the aim of The New School, Kings Langley, Herts. While avoiding early specialisation the method (based on Rudolf Steiner principles) seeks to unfold individual faculties and gifts and to develop truly social impulses. Boys and girls, 6 to 18, received as day children or boarders at moderate fees. Number of vacancies now due to recent extensions.

ST. CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth; co-educational, 5 to 18 years, in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom. High standards of creative work and achievement leading to Universities and satisfying careers. N. King Harris, M.A.

THE Town & Country Day School, 38/40 Eton Avenue, N.W.3. (Primrose 4306.) Small group of weekly or full boarders accepted. Boys and girls 5-18 educated for General Certificate of Education and the Universities. Realistic approach to modern education. E. Paul, Ph.D.

MISCELLANEOUS

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept., C20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd., Regent House, Regent St., W.1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We offer also an interesting booklet giving details and fees of our Courses and Criticisms, and success letters from students.

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ABBEY Secretarial Bureau, 157 Abbey House, Victoria St., S.W.1 (ABB. 3772). First-class typing. Rapid duplicating, circularising, theses, testimonials, etc.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations, 24-hour duplicating service, 31 Kensington Church St., London, W.8. WEStern 5809.

ENTERTAINMENTS

TH. Royal, Stratford, E.15. "Good Soldier Schweik." 7.45, Sats. 5.30 & 8.30. Nov. 22, "An Italian Straw Hat."

TOWER Theatre, Canonbury Place, Islington, N.1. CAN. 5111. Tavistock Repertory Co. presents Fri., Nov. 18, & Sat., 19, last performances of "The Petrified Forest." Chekhov's "The Seagull" opens Fri., Nov. 25, and on Sat., 26 (Sun., 27, mems. only), Thurs., Dec. 1, Fri., 2, Sat., 3, all at 7.30. Seats 2*s.*, 3*s.* 6*d.*, 5*s.*, all bookable. Box Office 9-6 CAN. 3475, 7-10 CAN. 5111.

UNITY: Ibsen's "Pillars of Society." First time in London since 1926! Fri., Sats. & Suns. 7.45. Memshp. 2*s.* 6*d.* p.a. EUS. 5391.

ARTS, Tem. 3334. 7.30 (ex. Mon.) St. Sun. 5 & 8. "Komuso." Mems.

EMPRESS Hall, FUL. 1212. Evenings 8.15. Sats. 3 & 8.15. Russia's Greatest Dance Company Moiseyev. From Moscow.

PROFESSOR Westrup will introduce Bizet's "La Jolie Fille de Perth," with illustrations by Oxford University Opera Club. 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Sun., Dec. 4, at 8 p.m. Particulars, Hon. Sec., Opera Circle, 69 Kensington Court, W.8.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until Nov. 20: "The Magnificent Ambersons" (U). From Nov. 21: Alec Guinness, Jack Hawkins in "The Prisoner" (A).

ROXY Repertory Cinema, BAY 2345, Nov. 20. All About Eve. A. Curtain Call. U.

NATIONAL Film Th. Sth. Bank (Wat. 3232). Sat. Nov. 19. Leslie Howard, Humphrey Bogart, Joan Blondell in "Stand In" (A). 2, 4, 6, 8. Open to public.

VALLEY View Fellowship Camp. Dance of the season at the Doric Ballrooms (Isows), Brewer St., W.1. Dancing to Frank Howard Orch. M.C., Len Kramer. 7.30 till 11.30. Adm. 6*s.* 6*d.* Licd. bar. Sat. Nov. 19.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Sat., Nov. 19, 8-11 p.m. Dancing to Don Simmons Group. Members 3*s.* and their guests 5*s.*

LA Cage, Licensed Club. Dancing weekends. Open daily. Mems. now invited. 137 Finchley Road, Swiss Cottage, N.W.3.

EVERY Thursday 7-11.30. Dancing in the Gayest Continental Atmosphere to Isy Geiger, of Radio Vienna & B.B.C. fame, at the Cavendish Ballroom, 38 High Rd., Willesden. Tickets 5*s.*

THE Continental Club, 15 Baker St., W.1, holds Dances every Thursday and Saturday from 8 p.m., and has foreign language classes every Tuesday from 8.15 p.m. Unique continental atmosphere. For partics., write Sec. or please call at the Club.

INTERNATIONAL Friendship League C.L.B. Dance, Sat., Nov. 19, 7.30-11. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. Tickets 4*s.*

CONCERTS

BACH and French Composers. Chamber Music for Harpsichord & Strings played by English Consort of Viols. Wigmore Hall, Fri., Nov. 25, at 7.30. 9*s.*, 6*s.*, 3*s.*, from Hall (WEL. 2141), Agents & Imperial Concert Agy., Ltd., 20, Kingly St., W.1. REG. 1140.

THE following free concerts will be held at the Horniman Museum, London Rd., Forest Hill, S.E.23, on Wednesday evenings at 7.45 p.m. November 23: Wood-wind Music of the 18th and Early 19th Centuries on Instruments of the Period, James MacGillivray, oboe and clarinet; Richard Tayler, recorder and flute; Alan Cave, bassoon; Joan Rimmer, harpsichord and piano. November 30: Wood-wind Music of the late 19th and 20th Centuries, Aubrey Johnson, oboe; Peter Allen, clarinet; Val Kennedy, bassoon; Leonard Rafter, piano. Seats may be reserved at any of these concerts on application to the curator. (1329.)

PIANO Recitals. Wigmore Hall, Sun., Nov. 20, at 3. Enrique Arias. Haydn, Beethoven Op. 111, Chopin Sonata in B flat minor. Tues., Nov. 22, at 7.30. Edna Iles. Brahms-Handel Vars. Chopin Sonata Op. 35, Liszt Etudes. 3*s.* upwards. Mgt. Nicholas Choveaux, 28 Bury Walk, S.W.3.

CHELSEA Chamber Orchestra. Cond.: Foster Clark. Chelsea Town Hall, S.W.3. Four Concerts on Thursday Evenings at 8 p.m. Nov. 24, Jan. 12, Mar. 1, Apr. 26. Composer Conductors: Alan Rawsthorne, Sir Arthur Bliss, Malcolm Arnold, Humphrey Searle. Soloists: Phyllis Sellick, John Cameron, Leon Goossens, Emerentia Scheepers, Edward Darling. Tickets: 10*s.*, 7*s.* 6*d.*, 5*s.*, from Cecil Roy, Ltd. (KEN. 0121); Monk of Chelsea (FLA. 1895).

HUNGARIAN violinist Dénes Kovács, 1955 Carl Flesch medal winner, & Agnes Vadas, who came second, perform on Sat., Nov. 19, at Wigmore Hall, 3 p.m. in the Bartók Commemoration concert. Piano: Cyril Preedy. Accomp.: Paul Hamburger. Tkts. 9*s.*, 6*s.*, 3*s.*, at Hall (WEL. 2141) or B.H.F.S. (BAY. 2690).

EXHIBITIONS

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Sculpture by Michael Werner. Drawings by Maréchal. 10-5.30, Saturdays 10-1.

ZWEMMER Gallery, 26 Litchfield St., W.C.2. W/colours & gouaches Morocco, Italy, Laurence Scarfe; W/colours France & England, Edwin La Dell. Nov. 15-Dec. 10.

EXHIBITIONS—*continued*

GANYMED small print of Boudin's "Le Canal à Bruxelles" now published. 12*s.* 6*d.* plus tax 3*s.* 7*d.* of all good print shops or from 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

SPENCER F. Gore, an Exhibition of Paintings & Drawings. Drawings by Stanley Spencer. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till Dec. 3. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6, Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Ad. 1*s.* to both exhibs. Drawings by Stanley Spencer closed Thurs. & Fri. Nov. 17 & 18.

PROSPECT Gallery, 13 Duke Street, St. James's, S.W.1. Opening Exhibition of Recent Paintings by Modern British Artists. Nov. 22 to Dec. 24. Mon. to Wed. and Fri. 10.30-5.30. Thurs. 10.30-7.30. Sat. 10-1.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. New Acquisitions—French Masters of the 19th and 20th Centuries. Bonnard, Corot, Delacroix, Matisse, Picasso, Renoir, Van Gogh, etc. Daily 10-5, Sats. 10-12.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover Street, W.1. Aspects of Schizophrenic Art. Mon.-Friday 10.30-6. Sat. 10.30-1. Adm. 6*d.*

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Albert Lebourg (1849-1928), peintre paysagiste. Also recent acquisitions.

RECENT paintings. Barton & Wesley. 45 Park Lane, W.1. Nov. 14-Dec. 2. Weekdays & Sat. a.m.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. Ruszkowski: Venetian Paintings; Hayden: 1st English Exhibition. Closing November 26.

TOOTH'S: Recent acquisitions X: Paintings by Gainsborough, Bellotto, Renoir, Corot, Monet, Braque, Soutine, etc. Daily 9.30-6. Sats. 9.30-1. 31 Bruton Street, W.1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. Paintings by Hans Tisdall. Until December 3.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leics. Sq. Henry Moore, Merlyn Evans and Denis Mathews Exhibitions. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1. Until 24th.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30, Bruton St., W.1. French XIX and XX Century Paintings, Drawing & Bronzes. Daily 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

LONDON Group Members (Exhibition). Open until Dec. 9, this year at Whitechapel Art Gallery, adjoining Aldgate East Und. Station, Tues.-Sat., 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. Sun., 2-6. Closed Mondays. Adm. free.

ARCHER Gallery, 303 Westbourne Grove, W.11. Paintings & drawings by Austin Osman Spare. Till Nov. 26. Tues.-Sat., 10-5. Sun. 2-5.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. Romantic Landscapes by James Bailey; Recent Landscapes by William Henderson; Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Closes Nov. 26.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions: The Story of Pharmacy; Child Welfare Through the Ages; The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Mon.-Friday. Adm. Free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

"PREVENT War in the Middle East." Mass Meeting, Friends House, Euston Rd., N.W.1. Speakers: The Rt. Hon. Mr. Herbert Morrison, C.H., M.P., the Very Rev. the Chief Rabbi Israel Brodie, the Very Rev. the Haham Dr. S. Gaon, Dr. S. Levenberg, Jewish Agency. Tues. Nov. 22, at 8. Free.

"SOVIET Science Today." Ask experts Acad. Tsitsin, Prof. Powell, Dr. Lilley, about Agriculture, Atomic Energy, Automation. Symposium, with lantern slides by J. Allan Cash, Tues., Nov. 29, 7.0 p.m., Caxton Hall. Adm. 2*s.* Order tickets & send in questions now. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., London, W.8.

CEDRIC Belfrage speaks on the American Film; Percy Belcher on TV; Maurice Goldsmith on "Films and Science"; African on "Africans and Asians in Films"; Children's Films; British Films. "Films and TV for Peace Conference", Film Panel Authors World Peace Appeal. Dec. 4. Details from 166 Kew Rd., Richmond, Surrey.

MARXISM in the Atomic Age—3 Lectures. Hampstead Town Hall, Mon., Nov. 21, at 8 p.m. 2. J. Gollan "Political System of Britain and the Empire." Admission 6*d.*

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—*continued*

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. November. Tues., 22, 8.15 p.m. Discussion: "Waiting for Godot." Speakers include: Peter Hall, David Paul, Toni del Renzio, Tony Richardson and John Whiting. Chair: David Sylvester. Members 2*s.*, Guests 3*s.* Thurs., 24, 8.15 p.m. Illus. lecture: English Art Movements of 1890-1950. V, War Artists, by Colin MacInnes. Chair: Nevile Wallis. Members 3*s.*, Guests 4*s.* Wed., 30, 6 p.m. and 8.30 p.m. Film Strip of "Sculpture in the Open Air." Commentary recorded by Henry Moore. Members only 2*s.* 6*d.*, each member may bring one guest. Tickets must be booked from Gallery. Thursday, December 1, 8.15 p.m. A reading of "Moon's Farm," by Sir Herbert Read. Readers: Isabel Dean, Sir Herbert Read and Martin Starkie. Second half: Poems by Wallace Stevens, selected by Lawrence Alloway. Reader: Guy Kingsley Poynter. Members only 2*s.* 6*d.* Membership invited.

THE Business & Professional Forum. Cedric Belfrage on "Why McCarthy Had Me Jailed & Deported!" Cedric Belfrage—a British citizen—author & journalist, lived in the U.S.A. for many years & was founder & editor of the American News Weekly "National Guardian." Thurs., Nov. 24, at 7.45 p.m., Cora Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1. Visitors 3*s.* 6*d.*

BRAINS Trust on Germany: The Anglo-German Association has arranged a Brains Trust which will answer questions from the audience on current and cultural affairs about Germany at 6.30 p.m. on Wednesday, November 23, at the National Book League, 7 Albemarle Street, W.1. Lord Pakenham (Chairman), Mr. F. L. Carsten, Prof. Agnes Headlam-Morley, Prof. Lindley Fraser and Mr. Peter Tennant.

RT. Hon. Hugh Gaitskell, M.P., on "Recent Developments in British Socialist Thinking" at Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.1, Saturday, November 26, at 7.30. Tickets 1*s.*, from Co-operative Union, Ltd. (ROYal 3688), or at door.

ARTISTS for Peace. Joseph Herman: "The Arts & Peace." Some new thinking. Joris Iven's "Song of the Rivers," dramatic film of how the peoples of the world live, struggle & hope. Filmed in 5 continents. Songs: Robeson. Music: Shostakovitch. Nov. 24. 7.15 p.m. College of Preceptors, 2 Bloomsbury Sq., W.C.1 (Holborn Underground). Adm. 2*s.* Students 1*s.*

SHAW Society: "Editing the Early Plays", by Irving McKee (Sacramento State Coll.); chair: Harriet Cohen. 7 Albemarle St., W.1, Nov. 25, 7 p.m. Non-mems. 2*s.*

I.L.P. Forum. Hussein Hallak (Arab Al-Baath Socialist Party) on "Arab Problems Today," at Montague Hotel, Montague St. nr. Russell Sq., W.C.1. Sun., Nov. 20, 7.30.

SOCIETY for Psychical Research. G. W. Lambert, C.B., will give his Presidential Address on "The Use of Evidence in Psychical Research," at 6.30 p.m. on December 1, at Caxton Hall (York Hall), Caxton Street, Westminster. Open to the public. Adm. free.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns., W.11. PARk 7379. Fri., Nov. 18, 8 p.m. G. Sherman, "Moscow, 1955" (film). Seats, non-members 2*s.* 6*d.* Fri., Nov. 25, 8 p.m. Dr. Lampert, "Herzen."

YOGA. Seymour Hall, Seymour Pl., W.1. Talks every Tues., 6.30, Nov. 22: "Meditation." Arr. Shanti Sadan, 29 Chepstow Villas, W.11.

PACIFIST Universalist Service. 3.30 Sunday, Nov. 20. King's Weigh House Church, Binney St., W.1, Nr. Bond St. Stn. J. B. Coates. "Personalism & Peace."

"THE Way to Socialism." Speaker: A. Turner. World Socialist Movement, 32 Percy Street, W.1. Tues., Nov. 22, 7.30.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussion in the Library on Tuesday, Nov. 22, at 7.15 p.m. D. R. Moriarty, "The Challenge of Mau Mau." Adm. free. Collection.

CHINA—"Brains Trust," Tuesday, November 22, 7.30 p.m. Caxton Hall, Westminster. Panel: Mrs. Lena Jeger, M.P., Charles W. Judd, H. J. Collar, G. H. Doughty. Admission free. National Peace Council, 29 Gt. James Street, London, W.C.1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—*continued*

R. H. S. CROSSMAN, M.P., speaks on Wed., Nov. 23, in Fabian Autumn Lecture series, 7.15 p.m. Livingstone Hall, Westminster (opp. St. James's Park Tube). Tkts. 2*s.* door/from 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

MODERN Churchmen's Union. A Meeting will be held in Robert Hyde House, 48 Bryanston Square, London, W.1, on Tues., Nov. 22, at 5.45 p.m., to inaugurate a London Branch of The Modern Churchmen's Union. The Meeting will be addressed by the Rev. Roy Mackay, Director of Religious Broadcasting at the B.B.C. Members of the public welcome.

ALL Nations Social Club. "The Cyprus Problem," by Francis Noel-Baker, M.P., Wed., Nov. 23 at 8 p.m. at 83 Chiltern St. (nr. Baker St Station). Questions & discussion. Non-Members 1*s.* 6*d.* at door.

J. B. PRIESTLEY on "The Writer in a Changing Society." Chair: C. V. Wedgwood. Hermon Ould Memorial Lecture, Friends House, Euston Rd., N.W.1, Wednesday, November 30, 7.30. Tickets 3*s.* (guaranteeing seats; apps. to be accompanied by remittance and s.a.e.) from the Secretary, P.E.N., 62 Glebe Place, S.W.3, or at doors.

"EYESIGHT—Care & Cure," Ethel Beswick. Caxton Hall, S.W.1, Nov. 21, 7.29. London Natural Health Society 2*s.*

PROF. C. F. Wagner of University of Southampton. Lantern Lecture "Impressions of U.S.S.R." Fri., Nov. 25, 7.30. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Square, W.8. Adm. 1*s.* 6*d.* (S.C.R. 1*s.*)

ARCHIBALD Robertson, M.A., "Three Great Historians; Gibbon, Carlyle, Macaulay." Nov. 20, 11 a.m. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Adm. free. Free copy Monthly Record on request. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m. Adm. 1*s.* 6*d.*

ARNOLD Haskell on "The Dance as a Universal Language." Film Show inc. "Lord Shiva Danced" & "The Black Swan." Thurs., Nov. 24, 7.30, Alliance Hall, Palmer St., S.W.1. Tickets 2*s.* 6*d.* inc. refresh. India League, 47 Strand, W.C.2.

ISRAEL in Peril: Demonstrate your solidarity with Israel. Public Meeting on Sun., Nov. 20, at 3 o'clock. Doors open 2.30. Grand Palais Theatre, 127 Commercial Road, E.1. Speakers: Ian Mikardo, M.P., Sir Leslie Plummer, M.P., Mr. I. Jezierski, B.Sc., Econ., Mr. Harold Miller, Hon. Sec., Poale Zion, Miss Rena Langer, Sec., Pioneer Women. Chair: Sidney Goldberg. Adm. free Orgd. by Poale Zion, 2 Bloomsbury Place, W.C.1. MUS. 4702/3.

THE next step in Cyprus. Shall Cyprus be free? Holborn Hall, Gray's Inn Rd. 2.30-7 p.m., Sun., Nov. 20. Lena Jeger, M.P., & others. Movement for Colonial Freedom.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High Street, W.8. Sunday, November 20. 6.30, Music & Readings. 7 p.m. Archibald Robertson: "Three Historians—Gibbon, Carlyle, Macaulay."

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8, November 26 at 6 p.m., Herr H. J. Glaserfeld: "Norwegen oder die Schweiz."

INDIAN Inst. of Culture, London Br., Fri., 8.30, Nov. 25: John Stewart Collis "Science and Literature." 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2., off Leinster Terrace.

MIHAIL Sadoveanu, Famous Rumanian Writer, 75th Birthday Anniversary Lecture at Collet's Exhibition Room, 44 Museum Street, W.C.1. Tuesday, Nov. 22, at 6.30 p.m., by Montagu Slater, Author, and a display of Sadoveanu's works. Adm. free.

"JEWS in Russia Today." Film show and talk by Councillor A. Woolf at Central Lit., Vienna Café, Baker St., W.1. Wed., Nov. 23, 8 p.m. Visitors 2*s.* 6*d.*

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall (near Holborn Tube Stn.), Thurs., Nov. 24, 7.30: Practical Vedanta. On Sundays at 5 at Centre, 68 Dukes Ave., N.10: Meditation & Discourse. All welcome.

HAMPSTEAD Artists' Council, Burgh House, Well Walk, Hampstead. Friday, November 25, 8 p.m. Lecture (with films): Nomads in Europe. Speaker: David Burke.

FRI., Nov. 25, 7.30 p.m. Friends House, Euston Rd., Friends' Mission to China. Speakers: Janet Rees, Grigor McClelland; Chairman: Prof. Kathleen Lonsdale, F.R.S.

HIGHGATE Writers' Club. 8 p.m., Nov. 21, 19 Oakeshott Ave., N.6.

PERSONALIST Group. Dr. John Lewis on "Existentialism, Marxism and M. Sartre." Conway Hall, Tu., Nov. 22, 7.30.

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